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A HOME FOR ALL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"And every man went unto his own house."
JOHN VII., 53d.

The king unto his palace proud
Returneth from the throne,—
The noble to his castle hoar,
The peasant to his cottage door,
The monk to cloister lone.

The soldier hasteth to his camp,
The sailor dares the deeps,
The traveler spreads his tent at night
That flecks the forest-green with white,
And 'neath its shelter sleeps.

The Greenland hunter scoops a cell
Beneath incumbent snows,
The son of Afric to his kraal,
The Indian to his wigwam frail
With cane-like roof-tree goes.

The eagle knows his eyried cliff,
The lion loves his lair,
The beaver builds his lodge of rest,
Foxes have holes, and birds their nest,
Where dwell the houseless?—Where?

There is a mansion free to all,
Whence none are turn'd away,
Even those who ne'er had home before,
Are welcome through its unlock'd door
To enter in, and stay.

No fee of gold the lodgers pay,
In that sepulchral bower;
But "dust to dust," on forehead white
Doth give each applicant the right
Of mastership and power.

No gorgeous robes the inmates wear,
No paintings deck the wall,
It hath no revelry by night,
No casement fair with taper'd light,
No downy couch, or hearth-stone bright,
Yet,—'tis the home for all.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE PRISONER.

ROSALIND HUBERT;
OR,
THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW GABRIEL'S MEDICINE WORKED.

The nurse entered the sick-chamber after Barber had left it, and having looked carefully around, she took the phial of medicine from the side-board and held it up between her eye and the light. She shook her head with a meaning expression, and then looked about her. There were a number of wine-bottles upon the board, and into one of them she poured the contents of the phial. Then she rinsed the latter out, and having filled it partly up with water, she put it back where she had found it. Having done this, she sat down by the bed, and shortly afterwards the invalid awoke with a start.

"Albert!" she cried, gazing quickly about. She saw the nurse, and then sank back upon her pillow, murmuring, as she did so—

"Oh! 'twas only a dream."

"What have you been dreaming about?" asked the nurse.

"Nothing," replied Rosalind, faintly. "But, oh! 'twas a pleasant dream."

"I thought you said you had been dreaming of nothing?"

"Nothing that you could understand."

"Don't be too sure of that. But tell me—do you feel your mind strong now?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean do you feel that your thoughts are clear, and that you could control yourself if it was for your interest so to do?"

"My mind is clear," replied Rosalind, wondering what her nurse meant.

"Then keep still. Look—but make no noise."

As the woman thus spoke she removed the green spectacles, and lifted the red wig.

"Mercy!" gasped Rosalind, starting to her elbow, and gazing into the face before her. Those great black eyes were not to be mistaken—nor was that glossy, raven hair. The dabs of paint upon the brow and cheeks could no longer hide those well-known features.

"Jane Lillon! Dear, dear Jane!"

"Not so loud, Rosa," whispered the true-hearted girl, bending over the bed, and placing one arm beneath the invalid's neck, and kissing her upon the cheek. "I am here with you—here to help you all I can. I have been with you through most of your sickness. And you have not mistrusted me?"

"No," said Rosa. She gazed a while into Jane's face, and then added: "Oh! I am so glad you are here. I have feared I should see a friend never again. But how did you find me? How did you gain admission here?"

"Let me fix my hair and glasses, and I will tell you all about it. I must not be caught unprepared."

She went to the glass, and when she had re-adjusted her disguise, she returned to her seat.

"Don't talk any more than you can help," she said, "for you will need all your strength. I will explain what so much puzzles you, in a very few words. In the first place, I resolved to keep my eye on you, if the thing were possible, from the moment you told me your story. I knew that you were being deceived. I knew that the Gabriel Barber, of whom you told me, could not be dead."

"But how did you know that?" asked Rosalind, in surprise.

"I knew it from the answers you gave me to the questions I asked of you. One circumstance alone made it all clear to me. You remember you told me that the pawnbroker went to two other watch-houses before he reached the one in which he found you, on the morning after you fled from his house?"

"Yes."

"And you told me you returned with him at not far from six o'clock."

"Yes."

"Then he must have started out in quest of you very early. At any rate, it must have been so early that he could have had no time to have found the dead body, and called in the officers; much less to have had a coroner's inquest held upon it. Only think of it. You see the thing would have been a simple impossibility. It is a wonder to me that you did not see it."

"Oh—I was so frightened—so worried—so utterly terrified, that I thought of nothing. But I see it now—I see it now."

"I would have told you of my suspicions on board the boat; but I could not have helped you then, and I should only have given you new alarms; so I determined to watch you. I felt as though I could give up my very life for your good; and I forgot more than half of my own sorrows in my care for you. Did you see me standing by the little fruit-stall as you rode away from the boat?"

"Yes."

"I thought you did. But, at all events, I saw you, and I followed you. I had some difficulty in keeping up with the coach, but I managed to do it. I saw you led into this house, and I succeeded in obtaining a room in the house right opposite. I watched until I knew you were going to remain a while, and then I procured this disguise. I worked at my face with paint until I did not know myself, and then ventured over here. I first hired a room of Mrs. Lurkin, and very soon afterwards found out that you were sick. I offered to nurse you for my board, and Mr. Barber engaged me, as the hostess could not spare the time to be with you; and now I wish to help you all I can. Is there anything now that should prevent you from going with Albert Varrondale if he should come for you?"

"No, no. Oh, thank God, nothing!"

"Then suppose I write to him at once?"

"Will you? Can you?"

"Of course I can."

"Then, in heaven's name, do so. Oh, do so, and I will bless you always!"

"I will do it this very evening, and have the letter ready to go off in the morning. I will write all about you—I will tell him just where you are—I will tell him to come at once. Shall I direct it to Boston?"

"No, to Malden."

"Very well. Now keep still and rest. You are fatigued."

"Oh, I feel a great deal better, Jane—a great deal better than I did before."

"And you will feel better still if you are careful. There—now rest a while."

"But my medicine."

"Never mind that now. It's past the time. Here—take some of this. This is for strengthening you. There—now rest."

A long while did Rosalind gaze upon that red face and those green spectacles; but they looked cheerful to her now, for she knew of the warm and generous heart that sent the life-blood coursing beneath them. She knew that a devoted friend was near her, though she knew not then how much she needed that friend. She felt some appetite for supper—the first she had felt since recovering her senses—and eat some light toast. She slept well during the night, and while she slept her nurse wrote the promised letter.

In the morning Gabriel Barber came in, and found Rosalind still sleeping.

"How is she?" he asked of the nurse.

"I don't know, sir," Jane replied, with some hesitation. She cast her eyes towards the window, and in a moment more added: "She acts curiously. Something seems to hurt her."

"She has taken her medicine regularly, hasn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. I have seen the doctor this morning, but he was too busy to come up. He told me that we must just double the dose of this medicine." And Mr. Barber took up the large phial, and then set it down again. "You will remember this?"

"Yes, sir."

The man than turned to the side-board, and poured a tumbler full of wine from the bottle he had sent for on the day before.

"Not that! not!" the nurse cried, starting up.

"What's the matter?" asked Barber, tossing off the wine, and wiping his lips.

"I thought—you had——"

"Thought what, woman?"

"That you had taken some of the girl's medicine."

"Nonsense!" And as he said this he set down the tumbler, and left the room.

Trembling with sudden alarm, Jane Lillon sank back into her chair, and murmured half-formed sentences to herself.

"What's the matter?" asked the invalid, who had been aroused by the movements which had been made in the room.

"Nothing—nothing," returned the nurse, looking up.

"I thought I heard you cry out as though you were frightened at something."

"I was only thinking—kind of day-dreaming—that's all."

"Wasn't *he* in here?"

"Do you mean Barber?"

"Yes."

"Yes—he just went out. He came to see how you got along."

"Did you tell him I was better?"

"No—I——" Jane hesitated, and after pondering a while, continued—"Listen, Rosa: you must help me to deceive them for a short time. I told him that something seemed to have gone wrong with you. I gave him to understand that you were worse; and I want you to help me make them think so."

"But why is this?" asked the invalid, with a look of interest.

"Why—I am going to put your letter into the office this morning. It may be a week before your friends can get it, and come on here for you. Now I fear that this wretch means to—*move you* as soon as possible."

"Where?" cried Rosalind, with a terrified start.

"I don't know. But if you remain very weak and sick, of course he won't do it. Don't you understand me?"

"Yes."

"And won't you help me?"

"Yes—I must. It will not hurt my conscience to practice such a deception."

"It is merely an act of self-preservation," added Jane. "But I must go now and dispose of the letter. I will tell Mrs. Lurkin that you are awake; and if she comes up you must remember that you are in much pain."

"I will not forget," returned the invalid.

Jane had reached the door when she hesitated, and finally turned back.

"If they offer you any medicine before I come back, tell them I gave it to you."

"Why—will the medicine hurt me?"

"I think it keeps you weak. I must find something to strengthen you. You won't take it, will you?"

Rosalind said she would not, and her nurse then left. She had been gone but a few minutes when Gabriel Barber entered.

"Ah—you are awake, are you?" he said, advancing to the bedside. "How do you feel this morning?"

She remembered what she had promised Jane, and she said she did not feel so well.

"What's the matter? How do you feel?" asked Barber, quickly, and with eagerness.

"I am in pain."

"Ah—this medicine is for the relief of pain," the villain replied, turning to the side-board and taking the large phial. "I will give you some."

"No, no—the nurse gave it to me just before she went out, and I am afraid it makes me feel weak."

"Do you feel it now?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"It gives me pain."

"Then I'll have some other kind fixed for you as soon as the doctor comes. We must not have you falling back now."

Just as Barber ceased speaking, Mrs. Lurkin opened the door and informed him that there was some one below who wished to see him. He stopped at the side-board and took a glass of wine, and then followed the hostess down stairs. In the parlor he found Thomas Gondam.

"I have come thus early," said the broker, after they had shaken hands, "because I was anxious to learn how your patient was."

"I think things are working well. There's one thing, however," Barber added, with mock concern; "I'm afraid her medicine don't agree with her."

"Ah—that *is* bad," returned Gondam. "How does it work?"

"Why—I just left her, and she seems to be in much pain. She had taken some of her medicine only a short time before."

"I hope it won't hurt her very much," said the broker, with a wink.

"O—I guess there's no danger of that. Hers is one of those extreme cases in which the most summary course needs to be pursued. No ordinary medicine will reach it. With her it must be either 'kill or cure.' But I think we shall know before night just what the hopes are in her favor."

"Or against her," suggested Gondam.

"Exactly. She may be free from all pain before noon. We cannot tell how these powerful medicines work, you know."

"That's so. But what's the matter, Gabriel? You don't look well."

"And I don't feel well. I must have eaten too much. I feel a pain in my stomach—a closeness there—a sort of burning sensation; and I feel sick, too. Let us walk out. The fresh air may revive me."

They went out into the street, and walked down towards the river.

"How do you feel now?" the broker asked, as they came in sight of the water.

"Worse, if anything. Let us go down onto the pier, and find a place where we can sit. I may be better soon. I declare I never had such a feeling before. I am in agony. I don't see what it can be."

They reached the pier, and sat down upon a pile of boards.

"Do you feel any better now?"

"No," groaned Gabriel, clasping his hands upon his stomach—"I feel worse. Oh! I am burning up! My God! what agony!"

"It's hard—I know it must be from your looks," said the broker.

In a few moments more Barber was seized with more acute pains, and his frame was shaken by the most fearful spasms.

"Go for a doctor!" he gasped. "Go quick!"

"Can you not walk?" asked Gondam.

"My soul—no! Oh! run for a doctor!"

Thomas Gondam hurried away, but at the first corner he stopped and reflected upon the propriety of calling any aid at all for his suffering friend.

"This may be an attack of the cholera," he said to himself. "If I let him alone he may die. Egad! how could I be rid of him better? If he goes back to Boston with me, I must give him a very large sum of money; but if he dies here, I am well and safely rid of him. He may have given poison enough to Rosalind to kill her, and thus the last stumbling-block will be removed. Old Anthony Carper is dead and gone; that meddlesome, mysterious sailor has followed suit; and now, with this girl and Gabriel Barber out of the way, what more have I to fear?"

He walked on around a square of several blocks, and at the end of an hour came back to the pile of boards upon the pier. He saw a crowd of men and boys about the spot where he had left his companion, and he pushed his way through. He saw a plank laid out from the pile, and upon it was the body of Gabriel Barber—Gabriel Barber cold and dead!

"What is it?" the broker asked, as he elbowed his way to the plank.

"A dead man," said a boy, with a market-basket on his arm.

"How came he to die?"

"Don't know. 'Spect he killed himself, though."

"Is there a physician here?"

"I am a physician, sir," answered a well dressed gentleman, who had been examining some of the matter which had been ejected from the dead man's stomach.

"What do you make of the case, sir?" Godnam asked.

"Poison, sir. Arsenic, in large quantities. A clear case of suicide, I should think."

At this juncture a coroner came, with two more physicians. A jury was soon obtained, and the decision arrived at was suicide. The case was clear. No one knew the deceased, though papers were found upon his person which would seem to indicate that his name was Gabriel Barber.

Thomas Gondam walked away with a quick, anxious step, as a man who had just discovered that a great mistake had been made in his own favor might walk away from a banking-house, fearing, if he lingered, that he might be called back to rectify it. He walked on down town until he reached his hotel, and when he was alone in his room, he sat down and pondered upon the event which had just transpired. It seemed to him that fortune was working in his favor. It mattered not to him how dark and bloody were the channels through which that fortune came, for the waters that could wash his crimes from sight must needs be deeply tinged with the crimson tide of more than one human life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FRIEND AND FOE.

Rosalind gained rapidly in health and strength. The presence of Jane Lillon helped her more than did all the medicine she took, and at the end of a week her appetite was good, and she was able to walk about without fatigue. The lean, parchment-skinned doctor was regular in his attendance, but the patient took none of his medicine. Jane had conferred with an honorable apothecary, stating her friend's case as nearly as she could, and from him she obtained the simple restoratives which served to help the convalescent on her way to recovery.

One afternoon, as the two girls sat together, they heard the tread of a man upon the stairs. Rosalind started with alarm, and listened eagerly.

"It is Barber," she whispered.

"No. It cannot be he," the nurse returned, confidently.

Rosalind looked into her companion's face, and after pondering for a short time, she said—

"Jane, I believe you know where that wicked man is. If you do, I pray you, tell me."

Jane did not reply. She returned Rosalind's gaze, and then arose and went to the side-board, from one of the drawers of which she took a newspaper.

"Will you not tell me?" the invalid resumed, as the nurse took her seat again. "Come—I am sure you know something about him. You have shown it in your looks whenever I have spoken of him. It has been over a week since I have seen him."

"I do know something of him," Jane now replied, "and have only kept my knowledge to myself because I would wait until you were strong ere I gave it to you. I think you are strong enough now to bear anything of ordinary import."

"Of course I am," said Rosalind, eagerly. "I am almost as strong as I ever was."

"Then let me read to you a little item from this paper. It is one of the city dailies."

And Jane read as follows:—

"FOUND DEAD.—The body of a middle-aged man was found yesterday morning near a pile of lumber upon one of the North River piers. Several physicians were present at the coroner's inquest, and they discovered that his death had been caused by a heavy dose of arsenic. A verdict of *suicide* was rendered. From papers found upon the body, it was supposed that the man's name was GABRIEL BARBER; but where he came from no one knows. If there are any relatives or friends of the deceased in the city or suburbs, they can gain further information upon application to the coroner."

"Yesterday morning," said Rosalind, as soon as she could speak.

"But this paper is a week old," returned Jane.

At first Rosalind shuddered with vague terror as the picture of the dead man arose before her. It seemed a sort of retribution upon him, and filled her with awe.

"Why should he have done it?" she murmured. "Could he have felt the stings of conscience for his wickedness?"

"I am going to tell you all, now that I have begun," resumed Jane. "He did not commit suicide."

"Was he murdered?" cried Rosalind.

"No—his death was accidental, though brought about by his own means. Do you remember the

morning on which I told you not to take any medicine from other hands than mine?"

"Yes."

"Well—on the day before a man came and inquired for Gabriel Barber, and they went into the parlor to confer together. I heard your name mentioned, and I determined to listen. There is a crack in the folding-doors, so I only had to get into the back parlor to hear everything they said. Barber had become tired of taking care of you. He said you would never be his wife—that he could not subdue you—and that as soon as you got well there would be danger of your running away from him, and exposing his wickedness. Their conversation after that was carried on with hidden meaning, but I very soon discovered that you were to be hurried off as quickly as possible. Some hours after that Barber came to this room. You were asleep, and he sent me away, saying that he would watch for you awhile. He asked very particularly what medicine you were to take, and I saw by his wicked look and nervous manner, that he was up to the deepest kind of mischief. He bade me tell Mrs. Lurkin to send him up a bottle of wine, and I went out and did my errand.

"Not long afterwards he came down and sent me back to you. I came, and the first thing I did was to examine your medicine. I found a white sediment at the bottom of the phial which was not there before, and I knew that he had put poison into it! There were several wine-bottles upon the side-board and into one of them I poured the contents of the phial, intending to empty it into the slop-pail when it came up on the next morning. The next morning came, and Barber was here again. He had come to see how his medicine had worked. I told him you were worse; and you will remember that I urged you to say the same thing. As he turned to leave the room he stopped at the sideboard and poured out a glass of wine. I remembered then of the wine he had bade me to have sent up, and I saw that he had taken a tumbler full from the very bottle into which I had poured the medicine. I started forward, and cried out for him not to drink it; but he had it down ere I could prevent it; and when he asked me what I meant, I told him I thought he was drinking your medicine. He went away; and when I was gone I think he must have come back and drank more of it."

"He did!" uttered Rosalind. "He came to see me after you had gone—it was the last time I saw him. Mrs. Lurkin came and told him that some one wished to see him, and as he went out he stopped and drank from the bottle."

"And so he died from the very agent which he had prepared for your destruction!" said Jane, impressively. "I may have been the means of shifting the fatal result from your shoulders to his; but I feel no blame in the matter. I cannot help thinking that a power greater than mine directed the event."

During this recital Rosalind had been deeply moved, but she had regained her thoughts by the time it was closed, and she remembered that another, beside Barber, had been engaged in the plot.

"Who was the man with whom he was conversing on that morning?" she asked.

"The same who bought your ticket for you on board the steamboat at Troy!"

"My uncle?"

"Yes."

"*Mercy!*" *the frightened girl ejaculated.* "*Does he mean to kill me? Oh! my soul!*"

"Listen," said Jane, moving her chair close to Rosalind's side, and laying her hand upon her shoulder. "Be not alarmed. If you are wise you have nothing to fear. I know your uncle's intentions, and you may rest assured that I will remain by you to the end. Our letter has been gone a week, and your friends may be here before any further steps are taken by your enemy."

Rosalind caught her companion's hand, and as her eyes filled with tears she sank forward upon Jane's bosom.

"You have been an angel to me, Jane," she murmured. "You have saved my life—you have saved more than life—you have saved my very soul—and you have changed my deep agony into light and hope. Oh! I love you—I love you, Jane! I love you very much. I love you as a sister—as my best friend."

Jane Lillon kissed the fair girl upon the cheek, and having wiped the tears from her own face, she said—

"I think you do love me, Rosa. My own love for you bids me believe it. If I have helped you, you have helped me no less. Ah, you do not know what I might have now been had I not found you. I dare not think of it. Your sweet words, and sweeter soul, have changed my whole being. But we will talk of that at some other time. I told you I knew your uncle's intentions."

"Has he told them to you?" asked Rosalind.

"Partly; and a part I have gained by overhearing him in conversation with himself. He has a habit of thinking aloud when he is alone, and of arguing a question as though he were in two halves, each proposing and advising with the other. He trusts me without doubt. I have made him think that I care no more for you than I do for any one else, and that my only aim is, to support myself as best I can. He thinks I have come down to this place from a life of sin and shame in the great city."

Rosalind still held Jane by the hand, and gazed inquiringly into her face.

"You know what he means to do?" she said.

"Yes. He means to take you with him to Boston. He dares not leave you here, and he has not quite heart enough to kill you; though he is angry enough because his accomplice's fiendish attempt did not succeed. And still, from what I have heard him say, I am sure he is glad Barber is dead. It has freed him from some obligation. He does not mean to remain in Boston long, however—only long enough to finish up some particular business and then he intends to leave that section of country forever."

"And take me with him," added Rosalind.

"No—I think not. I think he means to keep you fast until he is ready to leave the country, and then let you shift for yourself as you please. His only object seems to be, to keep you from your friends until after he is clear."

"Oh, what a heart he must have!" cried Rosalind, in tones of anguish. "If I had ever wronged him—if I had ever harmed him in any way——"

"Don't waste such thoughts upon him," interrupted Jane. "You might as well wonder at the ferocity of a panther. He has reason for his villainy, and you may be assured that no sense of right can influence him. But don't be alarmed. Your friends may come before he moves further. But if they do not, you have one friend who will not forsake you. I will not lose sight of you till you are safe."

At this point the tea-bell rang, and Jane went down to get her patient's supper. When Rosalind was left alone she was for awhile completely overwhelmed by the strange things she had heard. But, when she became more calm, and her thoughts flowed somewhat freely, the death of Barber and the villainy of her uncle gave place to the image of the devoted friend who had so fortunately crossed her path.

"She seems like a sister to me," she said to herself. "There should be a bond of union between us more strong than mere friendship. Her very fate seems cast with mine. Oh! God grant that the hour which sets me free may bring joy and gladness to her!"

Rosalind had just uttered this prayer when Jane entered with the tea-tray.

"You've been weeping, Rosa, dear."

"Then it must have been with gratitude, Jane—for I have only been praying for you."

"You have? What—now?"

"Yes—as you came up the stairs."

"And I was praying for you at the same time."

"God grant that both our prayers may be answered," said Rosalind, fervently.

And Jane Lillon answered—

"AMEN!"

* * * * * * *

On the following morning Jane entered Rosalind's room with a nervous, hurried step, and with a look of anxiety upon her painted face. She closed the door behind her, and then sat down by her friend's side.

"Don't speak too loud, Rosa," she said, with some tremulousness in her voice. "Your uncle is below. He has discharged me, and paid me off, and is now settling with Mrs. Lurkin."

"And does he mean to take me away now?" cried Rosalind, in terror.

"Yes—but do not fear. Do not refuse to go with him. He will have some story all planned to tell you, and you must profess to trust and believe him. It will be your safest way. Do not let him know that you have heard anything about Barber's death."

"But are you sure he is going to Boston?"

"Yes. But if he should not I will watch his movements. He has given me fifty dollars, and I am well aware that he meant the greater part of it as the price of my secresy. But he shall be disappointed in that. I took the money for you. I knew it belonged to you, and for you I will use it."

Rosalind tried to speak, but she was too much confused to express her feelings coherently. She seized her companion by the hand, and bent her brow upon it.

"He may be up here soon," resumed Jane, "and you must remember what I have said. You will go with him."

"Yes."

"And you will keep your own counsel?"

"Yes."

"Then all may be well. Let him take you where he will, I will hang upon your track until you are free."

"And must we part so soon? Oh, Jane—you do not know how dark and drear——"

"Hush, Rosa. You must not talk so. You are weeping, too. This will never answer. Your uncle may suspect us if he finds you so moved. Remember that the peace and joy of a life-time may be at stake in the next hour. Nerve yourself for the task, and remember my promise. There—I must go now. I must not be seen here, for he thinks I should see you no more. Remember.—Courage, now. So.—Good-bye. God be with you!"

"And with you!—and bless you!" cried Rosalind, as Jane kissed her, and hurried from the room.

As soon as she could collect her scattered thoughts Rosalind started from her chair and began to pace the floor; and when she finally heard a heavy tread upon the stairs she had become quite calm. There came a knock upon her door, and as she opened it Thomas Gondam stepped in and caught her by the hand.

"My dear Rosa," he cried, with astonishing vehemence, "I have found you at length. Oh—how long and how anxiously I have sought for you. Where is that rascally fellow?—that Barber? Have you seen him? Did he reveal himself to you?"

"Yes," replied the girl, sinking into a chair from extreme agitation.

"Then you saw him, and knew him," pursued Gondam, in the same vehement tone. "O, how that wretch deceived me. And that accursed pawnbroker helped him in the wicked plan. I thought he was dead—I was made to believe that you had killed him. But it was not so. I am thankful for that. And yet, it is a wonder that I did not recognize him through his disguise. Michael Ludder sent him to me as one who would make a faithful servant. I did not mistrust him until after he gave me the slip at Troy. But where is the rascal now?"

"I have not seen him for over a week," answered Rosalind, with a calmness and assurance which even surprised herself. She was astounded by the utter recklessness with which her uncle lied to her, but the promise of Jane Lillon gave her great hope.

"Then he must have seen me, and fled from the city," resumed Gondam. "I have been searching for you ever since I lost you. But, thank God, I have found you at length; and you shall now return with me to your house and your friends. There can be no danger now in showing yourself where you please. O, how they did deceive me!"

The broker sat down, and wiped his face with his pockethandkerchief.

"You have been sick, dear Rosalind," he continued, after a pause.

"I have been very sick, uncle."

"But you are better now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well enough to go back to Boston at once?"

"Yes."

"You have had a faithful nurse?"

Rosalind saw that his eyes were fixed upon her with a searching look, and she remembered herself as she answered.

"She was attentive, sir; and did the best she could; but I think she is an unfortunate woman. I should not wish to have her remain here with me if I could find a better one."

"Never mind. You'll want no more nurses here. I think we had better start this very day. What think you?"

"I am willing to go at any time."

"But you do not seem so anxious—so joyful—as I had thought you would, Rosa. Do you not realize that you are going back to your friends?"

"Alas!" answered the maiden, "if you had suffered what I have suffered you would not find it so easy to feel joyful over any promise of earth."

"Do you doubt me, my dear?"

"No, no—not that. But I am not strong yet. I have not recovered from those terrible fears that haunted me when I came here. No—I beg, I pray, you, to take me back. I will go with you to-day. I will go even now."

"Good!" cried the broker, starting up from his chair. "You may prepare at once. I will send the landlady up at once, to help you." And with this the broker left the apartment.

In two hours from that time Rosalind entered a carriage, and Thomas Gondam took a seat by her side. Words of hope and cheer were upon his false tongue, but she made no reply to them. She was watching for something else. As the coach was turning the first corner, at the entrance of the narrow street from which they had come, she saw a female standing in the doorway of a small grocery. A hand was waved towards her, and as she saw the green spectacles and the red hair, she felt a hopeful assurance that she was not entirely at the mercy of the serpent that had coiled himself up so near her.

CHAPTER XXX.

HEMMED IN!

It was early in the morning when Thomas Gondam and Rosalind reached the city of Boston, and a coach was at once taken for Prince street. When they arrived at the house our heroine was ushered into the kitchen, and there Gondam bade her remain while he went for his "wife."

"She is stopping with a neighbor," he said, as he turned to go out. "It is only a few steps. You can take your things off, and, by the time you get fairly set down I'll be back; and then we'll have some breakfast."

The broker took his way down towards the bridge, and when he stopped it was at the entrance of a large tenement house, before the door of which a lot of children were playing. They were dirty and ragged, and some of them half naked.

"Is Dolly Midget at home?" he asked, working his way towards the steps.

"She's in her room," answered a little girl, who had come into the street just as she came from her bed.

"Then show me the way."

"I will if ye'll gi' me a cent, mister," was the ready response.

"You shall have the cent as soon as you show me to her door."

The girl hurried up the steps, into a dirty hall, and up a dirtier staircase, and after passing several doors she stopped before the one which she said belonged to Dolly Midget.

"Go in, and see if she's up," said Gondam.

The girl said she would do so for another cent, and upon the man's promise that she should have such remuneration, she opened the door and went in; and when she came back she said Dolly was up, and he might come in. Her visitor gave her two pennies, and then entered the room. It was scantily furnished, and, like the hall and stairs, dirty as need be. The occupant was a woman past the middle age; tall and stout; with a bloated, evil look; unwashed and uncombed.

"Hi! is this you, Mr. Gondam?" she cried, as her visitor shut the door behind him. "How did ye follow me here?"

"O—I heard that you had moved here."

"And do you have the collection of the rents here? Ye know I used to pay up right at the old place, but times is changed now. They is awful dull, Mr. Gondam."

"I am not after rent money, Dolly."

"Oho!—I thought ye never poked 'round like this only when ye wanted money. I know we all used to say, when we'd see you a comin', 'Here comes the drummer.' 'Twere n't no disrespect to you, Mr. Gondam; only we know'd the money 'd got to come some how. But times is awful."

"I have nothing to do with collecting the rents of this place, Dolly, nor of any other place, now. I have come on another business. Could you spare me your time for two or three days, if I should need it so long?"

"Ah, Mr. Gondam, that I can. For a bit of your money I'd give ye all the time ye want. Only I'd rather ye'd count it by months than by days—aye, and by years, for the matter o' that."

"I shall only want you a day or two, Dolly; but I'll pay you well. And I'll tell you, to begin with, just what I want of you. I have a girl at my house whom I must keep as closely as possible there for a short time. All I want of you is, to provide her with food, and see that she does not leave her room."

"I can do that, sir, and ask no questions."

"I know you can, Dolly, and for that reason I came to you. I give you my solemn pledge that the girl is not to be injured, but only kept from sight till I can let her go with safety. If you will come, and do your duty faithfully, you shall have—say, ten dollars."

"I'faith, Mr. Gondam, you can depend upon me. When shall I come?"

"Right off. You know my house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come at once. Get ready as soon as you can. I will go, and wait in the yard until you come. You won't be many minutes?"

"Not five, sir. I'll just wash me face a bit, and comb me hair a bit, and then I'll be after ye."

The broker left the place, and walked slowly back towards his house, and ere he had been in his yard three minutes Dolly Midget was with him. She followed him into the house, and he sent her into the parlor while he went to see Rosalind.

"Now, my dear child," he said, with a bland smile, "you may follow me. I will show you to a chamber where you can feel at home till we can get ready to go out to Malden. My wife will be in shortly."

Rosalind followed him without a word, though her heart fluttered with a vague fear as she did so. He led the way up stairs, into a large chamber, and through this into a smaller one beyond, in the back part of the house, from which there was no way of egress but through the former apartment.

"There, my child," the broker said, "I may as well tell you the truth, first as last. But be under no apprehension, for I mean you no harm. You must remain here two or three days, and during that time you will be kept close. After that you will be set at liberty, and allowed to go where you please. I need only tell you that my interest requires this. Now ask me no questions, for I will answer none. My wife is dead; but I have engaged a woman who will attend to all your wants. Remember—it will be only for a few days; and then, if you have remained quiet, and peaceable, you shall be set at liberty, and allowed to go where you please."

Rosalind was not at all astonished, for she had a foreshadowing of all this from Jane Lillon. She believed that the man spoke truly now, and that he only wished to get himself clear from the country.

"I think I understand you, sir," she said, with a cold, icy calmness.

"And you will remain quiet here, will you?"

"I will do anything, sir, so that in the end I escape this thraldom with my life and honor."

"Egad! I had not thought you would be so submissive."

"I am studying my own interests, sir. I have struggled long enough. I will wait now till there is need of opposition ere I waste my strength again."

"You are wise, I must confess. But you may trust me this time. You shall be free as the air you breathe in less time than four-and-eighty hours."

With this Gondam left the apartment, and ere long afterwards Dolly Midget made her appearance. Rosalind gazed up into the woman's face, and she saw at once that her captor had engaged a fitting keeper for his purpose. She instinctively shrank from the foul presence, but she did not feel that terror which such a face would have inspired a few short weeks before.

"I s'pose ye know what I've come here for, don't ye?" remarked Dolly, with her arms akimbo, and her head thrown over upon one side.

"Yes—I know very well," returned Rosalind. "But if you apprehend any trouble on my account, you are mistaken. I shall be very quiet, and only look to you for my food."

"Ye ain't a-woolin' me, are ye, miss?" said Dolly, with a dubious look into the girl's face.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Rosalind, whose only wish was to have as little of this woman's company as possible.

"Why—it's plain English, ain't it? I mean, ye ain't a-foolin' me."

"No—by no means. I mean just what I say."

"Well—I'm glad o' that. But still I shall keep an eye on ye, my dear. Ye can't leave this room without my knowin' it. Mind that. And now I'll go and get yer breakfast."

The day passed away, and though Dolly Midget was regular in serving the meals, and constantly on the watch, yet she gave the prisoner but little of her company. When it came night, and she had seen her charge safely asleep, she made up her own bed upon the floor, just outside of Rosalind's door.

The journey from New York had not weakened our heroine, but it rather seemed to have benefitted her. She slept well through the night, and arose with a good appetite. But now she began to look for Jane Lillon, and as the second day dragged slowly away, she wondered if any accident could have befallen her friend. She had no tangible fears as yet, but she could not feel so hopefully on the second night of her durance as she had felt before. Still she prayed with a fervent, trusting spirit, and resolved that she would wait for the time which her uncle had set ere she allowed her fears to take the lead of hope.

In the mean time Thomas Gondam was busy. He had had some conversation with a man about the purchase of his books and furniture before he went to New York, and the sale was now effected without difficulty. The broker pretended that he was going West, and he offered all his personal property at so low a figure, that the individual with whom he had been bargaining paid the cash, and took a bill of sale of the whole.

As soon as Gondam had left Rosalind, after he had returned with Miss Midget, he went down to the wharf and engaged passage on board a Liverpool packet. This was on Saturday, and the vessel was to sail on the following Monday, at four o'clock in the afternoon. After this the broker went to a joiner's shop, and ordered a strong, stout chest made. He said it was to carry stereotype plates in, and it must be very securely put together and fastened. He gave the dimensions, and the joiner promised to deliver it at his house by dark.

The rest of the day Gondam spent in fixing up such matters of business as he could conveniently attend to, and when night came, he returned to his house just in season to meet the man who had brought his strong chest. He paid for it, and then took it up into his private room. At midnight he examined the shutters to see if they were close, and when he had locked his door and stopped the key-hole, he commenced an important work. He removed the old board from the floor, and took out the bags of gold, one by one, and packed them away in the chest. He stowed paper and rags around each bag, and took all the precaution he could devise to prevent the pieces from chinking and rattling. It was near morning when his work was fairly done, and having fastened up the strong box, he went away and slept a little while.

The ensuing day was Sunday, and Thomas Gondam remained within the house. He had the outer doors all fastened, and gave Dolly orders to answer no knock that might be given. He wanted to see no one, nor did he want any one to know that he was at home. His plan was near its consummation, and he would soon be free from all danger. With a fortune sufficient for all his wants, he could find a home in the Old World, where there would be none to molest him, or make him afraid. To all whom he had spoken with upon the subject, he had said that he was going first to New York, and from there further west. The recent death of his wife gave sufficient reason for his wish to move, and none doubted him. He had engaged his passage under an assumed name, so that there could be no danger of discovery in that quarter.

So pondered the broker, as he worried through the long, tedious Sabbath. Monday morning came, and he went and engaged a cartman to come and get his baggage at twelve o'clock. He had but little business left to do, and before noon he was ready to start. He called Dolly Midget down, and paid her the sum he had promised, in gold.

"And now," said he, "you can do all the rest without me. At four o'clock this afternoon you may let the girl go. You know where the old stage office is in Elm street?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dolly, still regarding her gold with sparkling eyes.

"Then I wish you would show the girl up there, and see her safely staged for Malden. Will you do this?"

"I will, sir."

"But mind—you will keep her here until the clock strikes four."

"Never fear, sir. It shall all be done as you have said. Ye needn't have the least bit of alarm. It isn't Dolly Midget that would run the risk of harmin' the prospects of the gentleman that pays her as you do."

"That's right, Dolly. I shall trust you. Ah! there's the man for my trunks. I am off as soon as I get them loaded. If any one asks for me, just say that I have gone to New York."

Dolly promised, and then the broker went to the door, where he found his cartman waiting. He led the way up stairs first, and said he would have the new chest taken down and loaded before the trunks were put on.

"Thunder!" uttered the stout laborer, as he lifted at his end of the chest. "What ye got in here?"

"They are stereotype plates," returned Gondam.

"What's them?"

"They are plates of metal for printing books. They're like lead."

"I should think they was," retorted the man, tugging away under his half of nearly five hundred pounds. "By thunder! gold couldn't be much heavier."

"I wish it was gold," said Gondam.

"And I wish you couldn't eat till you gin me half of it."

The broker made a sort of laughing reply, and then they tugged away. After a while they got it down the stairs, and into the hall, and were stopping to rest, when some one knocked at the front door.

"Here!" whispered Gondam, pulling the cartman by the sleeve. "It is somebody on business, and I have no time to spare. Let's go into the kitchen, and I'll send the woman to tell them I'm not at home."

But before Mr. Gondam could make arrangements for carrying out this little bit of deception the door was unceremoniously opened, and in walked Michael Ludder.

"Ah, Tom, me old boy,—moving, eh?" said the pawnbroker, as he closed the door behind him, and cast his eye upon the box and trunks.

"No—not yet," stammered Gondam. "I am just going a little ways—to carry some goods. I am coming back next day after to-morrow. I am in a hurry now, Michael. You can call on me when I come back."

"But that won't do, Tom. I'm in as great a hurry as you are. I won't detain you long."

"Not now," urged Gondam, trembling with agitation. "I tell you I have not the time. You can see me again."

"And I must see you now. Shall I do my business here, or will you step into this room?"

The broker hesitated but for a moment. He saw that his visitor was determined, and he must yield. So he turned to the cartman, and bade him load on the trunks, and wait for him to come and help him with the box. Then he opened the way to the parlor, and went in, closing the door behind him after the pawnbroker had entered.

"Now, Ludder," he cried, in an angry, impatient tone, "what do you want?"

"I've just come on a matter of business, Tom," replied Michael, taking a seat close by the door.

"Then out with it, quick, for I must be off. I shall be back in a day or two."

"Look ye, Tom Gondam," said the visitor, with a wink and a nod, "when folks start off with the intention of coming back in a day or two, they ain't apt to mark their trunks to go *by a Liverpool packet!* Eh—how's that?"

"Those trunks—a—they have nothing to do with me. I'm merely sending them for another man," stammered the broker, growing more uneasy and excited.

"Well," returned Ludder, with perfect composure, but with a very wicked look in his crooked eyes, "let it be as you say. I'm sure I don't want to dispute ye. You may go where you please—only attend to my business first."

"And what is your business?"

Gondam sank into a seat as he spoke, for he trembled too much to stand any longer.

"As you're in a hurry, Tom," said Michael, with that wicked look growing still more wicked, "I'll come right to the point. I know you're goin' off for good.——O—ye needn't deny it, 'cause I know it. I say ye're goin' off for good."

"Well—suppose I am?"

"That's it. That's just what I am supposin'. And now I'll come to the next hitch. I know ye made somethin' handsome out o' that gal-scrape—"

"'Sdeath!" cried Gondam, leaping from his chair and bringing his fists together, "do you harp upon that, villain? Do you come in the hope of bleeding me more?"

"Tut, tut, Tom. Be calm now, and listen to reason. I know you're in a hurry, and I don't want to detain you one minute longer than I can help. I may never see you again,—so give me three thousand dollars as a parting gift, and away you go, free from all danger and trouble. What say you?"

"Death and destruction! Do you take me for a fool? Out of my way and let me pass!"

Gondam drew a stout dagger from his bosom, and made a movement towards the door.

"Just one moment," returned the pawnbroker, producing a pistol, and cocking it with a quick motion. "I have come prepared, you see. If that is your game, I am up with you. By my soul of souls, you leave not this house till you have given me three thousand dollars! I know you've got it—and I know I helped you make it."

Gondam put up his dagger, and changed his tone. He seemed to consider the character of the man with whom he had to deal.

"Michael," he said, "you know not how you may be ruining me. I haven't three thousand dollars in the world. Don't detain me any longer. I may lose my passage. I should have been safe aboard my ship by this time if you had not bothered me. I tell you I haven't got the money."

"Stuff! Nonsense! Give me three thousand, and then go."

"How can I?"

"That's for you to say."

"Then I say I can't do it; and there's an end on't."

"Not quite, Tom; for I say you can. And, if you don't, then you don't go on board any ship to-day!"

"Will you stop me?"

"An officer will stop you for me."

"Michael!"

"Don't come that. Give me the money."

"And do you mean that you would break your oath with me, Michael Ludder?"

"Don't talk such nonsense, Tom. Come—I thought you were in a hurry. I know you've got the money. I know you offered Gabriel Barber ten thousand to keep the girl out of the way."

"Did he blab?" cried the broker, with a start.

"Never mind. I know it."

"But—he nearly drained me."

"O—nonsense! He's dead! I saw it in a New York paper. Now, ye see, I've got ye. So hand over."

Again Thomas Gondam carried his hand to his bosom, but he was arrested in his movement by a loud rap upon the front door.

"Death and fury! There's another interruption!" he exclaimed, quivering with mingled fear and rage.

"Shall I go and tell 'em you are not at home?" asked Ludder.

"Yes. Tell them I'm in New York!" And thus speaking, the worried wretch sank down upon the sofa and ground his teeth in an agony of madness.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"BEGINNING OF THE END."

"Zounds! Tom," cried the pawnbroker, returning from the hall, "we're dished—sewed up—bamboozled—the pair of us!"

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Gondam, starting to his feet.

"Here they come. They wouldn't take no for an answer. They said they know'd ye was here."

As Ludder thus spoke he stepped on one side, and Aaron King, followed by Simon Peter Drake, entered the room. For a moment Thomas Gondam was startled from his senses, but he called all his power of self-control to his aid, and finally managed to speak.

"What seek ye here?" he asked.

"We're come for Rosalind Hubert," returned Mr. King.

"She's not here."

"None o' yoour lyin', ye cussed old snake!" cried Simon. "She was seen to come in here."

"She was seen to come in here on Saturday morning," added King. "The man who keeps

the store in front here, saw her enter with you. Now bring her to us at once."

"Hold on," interrupted Simon. "If she's here I'll find her. Jest you look out for the snake, while I go and hunt her up."

Gondam would have interfered, but the raising of the solid hickory staff which the stout farmer carried, kept him back.

"I expect you'll have more visitors soon," Mr. King said, after Simon had gone.

Gondam looked at his watch, and found it nearly two o'clock.

"Let them come," he uttered, trembling like an aspen; "but I cannot stop to see them. I have business."

He was moving towards the door when the pawnbroker interrupted him.

"Not yet, Tom. Egad, I have you now. Move a step further upon your peril!"

It was spoken in a tone so low that the farmer did not hear it; but Gondam heard it, and he stopped.

"Curses on you!" he muttered between his clenched teeth. "You shall suffer for this—by my heart's blood, you shall!"

"Wait till they find the girl, and lug her off, and then we'll——"

The pawnbroker had spoken thus far when the front door was opened, and in a few moments more Albert Varrondale entered the parlor. But he was not alone. Behind him came the old sailor, John Peters. The broker started back aghast, and turned pale as death.

"*Alive!*" he gasped, gazing upon the old man with straining eyes.

"Yes, Thomas Gondam," returned Peters, who had caught the word. "Did you think I was dead?"

"I—I—heard so."

"No, no—I am not dead yet; though a base attempt was made upon my life a short time since. Of course you had nothing to do with it, sir."

"Me?" cried Gondam, trying to look offended, but unable to get rid of his terror. "Would you insult me, sir?"

"Not at all. O—by no means. But—whom have we here?"

It was Simon Peter; and with him came Rosalind. Her color was brightened—hope beamed upon her face—joy had sprung to life in her bright blue eyes—and her eager heart sent the pulsations of new life through her whole system. She looked upon Mr. King—she looked upon the old sailor—She looked upon the two men who had done so much to make her miserable—but she moved not until she met the gaze of Albert. She heard him pronounce her name—she saw his arms stretched towards her—and with a low cry of joy she sprang forward and fell upon his bosom. Her tears flowed fast and free, and her prayers of thanksgiving went forth in sobs and cries.

"Rosalind! Rosalind! My life—my love!—O, look up and tell me that you are safe—that you are free!"

"As free as Heaven is free! Bound only by love and gratitude! Bound to thee, Albert—Oh! bound to thee!"

"Oh! She told me truly, then!" the youth cried; and as he spoke he pressed the loved one once more to his bosom.

The tears streamed down John Peters's cheeks in a flood. He caught Rosalind's hand and kissed it, and then he turned away and wiped his eyes.

Thomas Gondam had watched these movements with varied emotions, but he finally summoned his old impudence to his aid, and became very angry—so angry that for a while his terror was hidden.

"What is all this mummery about?" he exclaimed. "I have brought this girl back, and had thought of giving her up to her old keeper; but I may do as I please about that. You act as though you had found something which belonged to you. But, by Heavens! you shall find your mistake! I am Rosalind Hubert's guardian—her sole guardian—and the power does not exist upon earth that can take her from me!"

"How do you know that?" asked Peters, with a sharp look upon the broker.

Again Gondam met the gaze of those strange eyes, and his impudence forsook him in a moment. There was something in that presence which awed and confounded him. But he had too much at stake to show his worthless hand now, and he soon managed to control himself again. He looked at his watch, and it only wanted five minutes of three.

"Take the girl," he said. "Take her, and let me go. I have engaged a passage to—New York—on important business, and I must be off. I shall lose all if I am detained here. You have nothing more to do with me if I give up the girl."

"Hold on, Thomas Gondam!" pronounced the old sailor, with a flashing eye. "You will not sail to-night. Your cartman has been sent away; and the woman whom you had here has followed him."

"Villain! Meddler——"

"Stop," interrupted Peters, as the broker commenced to rave. "I have a story to tell you—a story to tell to all who are here.—Hold on, Mr. Ludder—you may stop and hear it."

"I should be glad to do so," returned the pawnbroker, taking his seat again.

"And now, sir, do *you* sit down!" continued the old man, bending his glance upon Gondam.

The villain sank into a chair as though some unseen power had forced him down. He had grown deathly pale again, though he seemed to be nursing a volcano in his bosom. Upon John Peters he looked with a harrowing dread; but when he gazed upon Michael Ludder, he wore a look of hate which was fiendish and deadly.

"And that old man has been my friend," whispered Rosalind, as she sat by her lover's side upon the sofa.

"He has worked for you without ceasing," replied Albert.

"Who is he?"

"We don't know. But listen. He is going to speak."

As soon as all was still, and Simon Peter had taken up his position at the door, the old sailor commenced:

"Listen to me a few minutes," he said, "and I will explain some things to you which you have long wished to understand. The story which this broker has told of our dear Rosalind's earliest life is all false. He is not her uncle. He was a cousin of her mother. Many years ago there lived, not far from this city, a man named Anthony Carper. He was a merchant, in foreign trade, and had a partner in Liverpool. His parents both died when he was very young, leaving himself and an only sister alone in the world. When the brother and sister grew up the latter married a young man named Gondam, and the former took to himself a wife whom he well nigh worshipped. Fanny—the sister—gave birth to a son, and shortly afterwards died; and her husband soon followed her to the grave. When his sister and her husband were thus gone Anthony Carper took the orphan boy into his own family. He reared him up—he cared for him—he loved him—he gave him a good education—and finally started him in business. So much did Anthony Carper for his nephew, Thomas Gondam. He was his own sister's only child, and he did it with love and tenderness."

At this point Thomas Gondam bowed his head, and covered his face; and a strong emotion covered his frame. Something may at that moment have smote his hard heart.

"But," pursued the old man, "Anthony Carper was soon called upon to bear a grief more bitter than any he had yet endured. The wife whom he had so fondly loved, and who had been an angel of peace and joy in his own house, was snatched away by death. For a while the world seemed all dark to the bereaved man; but he had a child left—a sweet, blue-eyed daughter—who clung to him, and loved him, and prayed with him. And all the love in Anthony Carper's soul centred upon his fair-haired child—and joy and peace came back to him. In time his child saw one whom she loved with a new and holy affection, and she became a wife. Henry Hubert was a true man, and Anthony Carper gave to him the hand of his child with high hopes. They lived beneath his roof, for he could not be separated from his beloved daughter.

"But, alas! the night was growing darker. The wife became a mother—the mother of a daughter—and in a few short months afterwards remorseless death snatched her away. Henry Hubert had been sick before, and ere long he, too, went to his grave. And thus Anthony Carper, whose head was frosted by the winters of nearly three-score years, was left alone with his infant grandchild. The mother had named her child Rosalind, almost with her dying breath. The father had passed away with that child upon his bosom, and the last word he spoke was, ROSALIND! And when Anthony Carper first held the little orphan in his arms, he felt his shattered love grow strong again; and he swore that he would love the gentle being always. Of all his house—of all his loved ones—this sweet child was the last and only one. For a year he bent over it in hope and prayer; and when he knew that the child was never so happy and smiling as when he was with it, his heart bounded with new pleasure, and he prayed to God that the precious bud of promise might be spared to cheer and make glad his old age.

"When Rosalind was two years old, Carper received intelligence of the death of his partner in Liverpool, and the agent wrote him that he must come out and attend to the business. He felt that he must go, but what should he do with his little grandchild? Who would be more likely to be faithful with such a trust than the nephew whom he had reared with a parent's solicitude? So to Thomas Gondam's charge he confided the child. He made his nephew promise that he would teach the little one to remember and love her grandfather, and to make her understand that he would be a father to her when he came back. And he would assure her that if the old man brought back wealth, she should share it with him. Ah! there was the fatal rock. When Thomas Gondam heard that, he must have commenced his plotting. What if Anthony Carper should never come back, but should die abroad, and leave his wealth to this child! If his nephew was guardian of that child, the money might pass through his hands. So, I think, he did as he did. He gave the child away, and lied about its parentage. He dared not give it a false name, for fear the grandfather might come back, and expose him in his crime."

"You tell your story well, sir," said the broker, with a ghastly look.

"I tell it well because I know it well," returned the old man. "But let me go on. Anthony Carper went to Liverpool, and when he had fixed up the business there, he found it necessary to go to India. He wrote to his nephew of this, and then set sail for that distant land. When he reached Calcutta, he was informed that he ought to go to Canton, and remain there some time. He waited until he received a letter from his nephew, and then he proceeded to China. By Gondam's next letter he was informed that his grandchild had been placed in an excellent home, where she was loved and cared for as an own child, and where he, Gondam, often went to teach her to love and pray for her old grandfather. Thus answered, the old man accepted terms that were proposed to him there, and went into business. Years passed on, and Gondam's letters came regularly. He professed that he had learned Rosalind to love her grandfather dearly, and that his care over her was faithful and constant.

"Finally, Anthony Carper resolved to return to his native land. Nearly four-score years had laid their weight upon him, and he felt that he ought to work no more. He had wealth sufficient, and he wanted no more. His grandchild had become a woman, and he would go back and make him a home, where she should be the joy and the sunlight; for amid all the business of long years, he had not once forgotten that sweet child, and no other image had gained possession of his heart. He settled up all of his business which was open to settlement, and received drafts and bills to the amount of over a hundred thousand dollars. He was obliged to leave double that sum, however, invested there; but it was in good hands, and he knew he could draw upon it when he wished. He wrote to his nephew, informing him of his expected return, and also stated that he should bring with him drafts and bills which he should want him to exchange. He knew that his nephew was a broker, and he supposed it would please him to give him this intelligence, and thus to trust him. But Carper said nothing about the bulk of his property, which he left behind, amply secured, for he had a plan of his own which he wished to keep to himself. If he should find his nephew all that he hoped to find him, he meant to give him a hundred thousand dollars, for, besides Rosalind, Thomas was his only living relative, and he would do that much, partly because of the relationship, and partly because of the care which he supposed his nephew had exercised over the grandchild.

"At length Anthony Carper reached his native land, and he hasteued with all speed to find his nephew. It was on a Saturday afternoon when he reached Thomas Gondam's house, and he embraced his relative warmly. He felt so joyous and so hopeful when he was answered that Rosalind was well and happy, and that she loved her old grandfather, that he did not notice the hard, dark lines upon his nephew's face. He stopped and took tea, and then resolved to go and see his grandchild at once, and spend the Sabbath with her. Before he did so, however, he placed in Gondam's hands all his papers, his drafts and bills, and bade him turn them into current funds, and then look around for some safe investment for the proceeds. Then Thomas explained to his uncle where he would find Rosalind, and went with him to the stage-office, where they separated.

"Anthony Carper rode out to Malden, and left the stage at the foot of the hill upon which the farm-house stood. It was night now, but the stars were very bright, and a sort of soft twilight seemed to linger over the hill-side. Up the narrow road the traveler took his way, and when half way up he heard a deep groan, as of some one in distress. He stopped, and the sound seemed to come from the hedge to his left. He hurried through the tangled bushes, and found an old man lying beneath the wall, with large rocks tumbled about him. Carper bent down, and found that the sufferer had been severely injured. He could speak but little, but he was able to tell that he fell in attempting to climb the wall, and that the rocks had rolled down upon him, breaking one of his legs, and bruising his ankle. He was on his way from Canada to Boston, and said he had no friends in this section of country. Carper placed him in as easy a position as possible, and promised to come back in a few minutes with more help. He would have moved him himself, but the broken leg rendered that impossible.

"Uncle Anthony regained the road, and hurried on up the hill. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he was startled by a quick step behind him, and on turning he beheld the face of Thomas Gondam. But that one look was all, for on the next instant the nephew struck him upon the head with a ponderous weapon, and felled him to the earth! And then the blow was repeated. That man who had been so loved, so trusted, and for whom such generous provisions had been entertained, had come out from the city to waylay and murder his poor old uncle!"

The speaker stopped here, and wiped the tears from his eyes, but no one spoke. His hearers were too deeply absorbed to break in upon him, and they only gazed into his face with eager, anxious looks. Thomas Gondam sat like one over whose neck the headsman's axe was suspended. He glanced from the old man to the pawnbroker, and then clenched his hands to hide their tremor. He was deathly pale, but there was still something more than fear in his look. There was a fiendish, murderous expression starting out from his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY."

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Why are we ever taking thought
Thought for the morrow?
Our present joys are dearly bought,
Our griefs and cares will come unsought,
Why should we borrow
The hopes and fears of coming years,
The Future's joy and sorrow?

The Future's joys—they are not worth
Such toil and trouble;
A fitful flash or two of mirth,
And then a weary waste—a dearth,
A broken bubble;
We look for corn—and nothing find
But chaff and stubble.

Its sorrows—what are they?
We know them well;
Our weary load we'll bear to-day,
They may not in the Future stray,
Ah! who can tell?
Let the Past rest—the Future is not ours,
In the Present we must dwell.

He who can clothe the flowers
With hues so bright
Will send refreshing showers;
When the cloud of sorrow lowers,
A holy light
Will softly banish far away
Sorrow's dark night

THE YOUNG WIVES.

AN EPISODE OF THE PANIC.

Five years ago, when Godfrey Leeson and Emily Blake were married, everybody pronounced the match unexceptionable. Godfrey's friends envied him the possession of a creature so beautiful and engaging, and congratulated him when his engagement was announced, loudly and vociferously; though the envy would sometimes peep out in little speeches meant to show that if only they had tried, somebody might have been congratulating them instead. Godfrey was not a bit jealous, and always whistled provokingly when he heard these speeches, and turned the conversation to the subject of "sour grapes."

Papas shook Mr. Blake's hand, down in Wall street, and said things very pleasant for him to hear, about Emily's beauty, and Godfrey's good fortune and good character. Mammas were profuse in their agreeable sayings to Mrs. Blake and Emily, though they could not, for their lives, help hinting, that there "had been reports—such reports about Mr. Leeson, but then, my dear, you know people are so wickedly fond of traducing character, and young men will be a little wild, you know. That's to be expected, but a mother should feel a great solicitude upon such points, as no doubt you do, dear Mrs. Blake."

Emily laughed at all these sayings, and the dowager having succeeded only in making Mrs. Blake uncomfortable, would sail away, placid in the consciousness of having done a good deed.

Meanwhile Godfrey and Emily had a short, pleasant courtship, a splendid wedding, a protracted and very happy bridal tour, and then returned to commence home life in their own house which, furnished under Mrs. Blake's directions and superintendence, was quite ready to receive them.

Living in a splendid home, surrounded by every luxury, a favorite in society, in daily association with her parents and the friends of her girlhood, and blessed with the fond and ever-increasing love of her husband, it seemed that all earthly joys had been bestowed upon Emily Leeson. Care, and suffering, and sorrow were but names to her, which experience had not deprived of their vagueness of meaning. Her feet trod life's sunniest paths, and she leaned trustfully on a strong arm which it seemed no storm of adversity could ever weaken.

But Emily Leeson, born and reared amidst affluence, accustomed to luxuries as to air and sunlight, had none of the haughty pride that instinctively awakens in the mind of most beholders "malice and all uncharitableness." So sweetly did she bear her happy fortunes, so unconscious did she seem of those possessions that seemed to set her apart from, and above many of her less favored neighbors, so amiable, so truly benevolent was she, that love, and gratitude, and deep respect attended her everywhere, and envy found no mark at which to aim its arrows.

Her handsome, clever husband, too, with hosts of friends whom his generous, winning manners and his profuse hospitality always attracted around him, moved an equal favorite in his sphere. His enterprise, guided and controlled by caution, commanded the respect of business men, while his social powers and fine person made him welcome in all the circles in which he moved.

Year after year passed on. No cloud dimmed the horizon of the happiness of the wedded pair. Each day added its own peculiar joy to their lot. Their mutual attachment intensified and strengthened through the lapse of time. Little children—a sturdy boy, with papa's own dark eyes and fearless air; a tiny girl, a soft, cooing babe, with its mother's blue eyes and pretty, brown curls, made their home bright with infant beauty and musical with infant glee, and filled up the circle of their affections.

So, prosperous, happy, loving and beloved, they moved on toward the future that awakened no dread, and in which they anticipated no sorrow. Nor would it have been supposed that from amidst the enervating effects of luxury, strength would have remained to them for any severe conflict with misfortune.

Four years had passed since their wedding-day. On its anniversary, always observed by them as a festival at which gathered their respective families and dearest friends, Emily observed the first cloud that had ever rested on her husband's brow in her presence.

It was slight. No eye, perhaps, save that quickened by affection would have observed it. But the loving wife saw and questioned the cause.

She noted at supper his forced attention to the wants and conversation of their guests, his little fits of absence of mind, or absorbing thought, the pained, puzzled look that spread over his face. But so unused was she to sorrow or care that she could connect this with nothing but illness which visits all, at times, whether in palace or hut. When the meal was ended and the guests were at length dispersed through the splendid, brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms, she found an opportunity to speak to her husband.

Bending over him, as he sat apart gloomy and abstracted, she laid her soft palm caressingly upon his brow, and said:

"Are you ill, Godfrey? Can I do anything for you?"

He started, but no loving glance met the anxious gaze she fixed upon him.

"No, love. It is nothing. Some business matters that have kept me thinking deeply all day. Believe me, that is all."

"Are you quite sure?" she replied; then reassured by his loving smile, added, "But you know you promised never to bring thoughts of business home with you. It is very wrong to do so, and especially to-night, of all others. Come, let me see you looking cheerful and happy, or I shall begin to fear that four years of matrimony have made my husband less a lover than he was wont to be."

Godfrey looked pained.

"If I am sad, it is only for your sake, darling, and for our little ones."

Her eyes dilated in surprise and wonder as she looked at him. He caught the expression and forced a smile.

"I did not mean to frighten you, Emily," he said. "Forget what I have said, and let us join our guests."

He took her hand in his as he spoke, raised it to his lips, and then turned lightly away, leaving her quite smiling and happy, for she had small conception of sorrow, and, as she had said, Godfrey never brought to her any details of business, which seemed to her only a sort of mechanical means of producing money. She joined her mother, with a smile illuminating her face, and was forthwith deep in pleasant chat about the petted inhabitants of the nursery.

Meanwhile Godfrey's course was arrested, almost at the first step, by his newly-married sister, who, leaning upon her husband's arm, barred his path.

"I wonder, are you a fair specimen of husbands, Godfrey. Here have Frank and I been watching and speculating upon your very lover-like conduct. You look love into your lady's eyes, and kiss her dainty fingers, with all the respectful gallantry of the days of courtship. I confess I hardly anticipate such things from Frank after four years of matrimony. But we took each other 'for better or for worse,' you know, while you and Emily have taken each other only 'for better.' I wonder if all of us would find our love growing stronger, or becoming weaker, if the 'worse' that may belong to our fate should really come."

The bride looked up with a timid, trustful glance into her husband's face. There was no return. The two gentlemen were gazing at each other, with looks that seemed ominous. She shuddered slightly, and withdrew her glance. The next moment Godfrey answered lightly, though there was a dissonance in his tones that betrayed the forced nature of his gayety:

"What a little goose you are, Cora. Who, before you, ever dreamed of sorrow, or evil fate, during the honeymoon? And Emily's honeymoon and mine has not ended yet."

He passed on. The bride sat down at the piano and played, first an air sad and mournful, the expression of the vague anxieties that oppressed her. The moment it was ended a score of voices protested against such mournful strains on that joyous anniversary. Frank placed a lively air before her—a waltz, that set all the youthful feet in motion, and sent exhilaration through the hearts of the elders. Dance succeeded to dance, Cora's voice, at times joined by her husband's fine bass, mingled with the rich tones of the instrument—the soft hum of pleasant conversation filled up the pauses, and thus the hours fled away, and no thought of sorrow seemed again to enter that charmed circle.

Yet, six months had scarcely passed ere it was broken, its members scattered, and mourning and desolation had taken the place of joy and gladness.

Godfrey Leeson was one of the earliest sufferers from the great financial crisis, which so lately swept over the commercial world. On the day preceding the festival heretofore mentioned, the first intimation of the blow fell upon him. He was menaced by a heavy loss, and his keen eye, looking forth, saw the hurrying indications of the coming storm.

Nor was it long before it fell. The first loss embarrassed his operations, and was soon followed by heavy failures among those with whom he had extensive business relations. Everywhere was embarrassment, distrust, suspension of credit, and suspension of payment. Mighty fortunes tumbled down like a child's card castles, seemingly at a touch, and men looked in each other's faces with distrust and despair.

Emily Leeson, sitting at home happy with her children, or driving on her round of calls among her friends, heard of the "panic" and "depression" and "the crisis," with ears that failed to comprehend their meaning. She saw her husband looking sad and anxious; saw him hurry from almost untasted meals to his counting-house; heard him say, in answer to her affectionate questions, that he was anxious about business, and then turn away, not in want of sympathy, but in the belief of her utter powerlessness to aid him.

She knew no more of business than her husband of needle-work, and he would as soon have thought of asking her advice, or confiding to her his struggles, as she of talking to him of the making of a baby's frock. She had been taught that his sphere was entirely separate and distinct from her own, and never dreamed of the possibility of overstepping its charmed boundaries.

Meanwhile, Godfrey grew daily more anxious; his father, too, was deeply involved; then Mr. Blake; then young Frank Lee, the husband of Cora; neither could much help the other, but all strove to save themselves, and with rare generosity to do all that was possible for each other's aid.

But the blow that prostrated one fell with nearly equal force on all. True, the elder gentlemen held each western lands, and other not immediately available property; but the younger ones, who, with the impulsive ambition of youth, had ventured everything in business, had no resources to fall back upon.

They sat at their boards, and looked upon the smiling faces of their wives, and Godfrey upon those of his children, and listened to, and joined in their pleasant talk; saw them dress gaily, and go forth to the promenade, and on the shopping excursions, for which they wondered so little money was forthcoming; and, as is the custom of American husbands and fathers, kept silence in relation to all their own trials and struggles, little knowing, scarce believing, the strength of devotion of which those frail, luxuriously-reared women were capable—believing, perchance, that they were, in truth, but the dolls they seemed.

Yet, either of them would gladly, yes, rejoicingly, have yielded all her luxuries, have given up her rich dress, her costly jewels, her household splendors, have toiled with her tender hands for husband and children, if thereby she might have averted one trial, or lifted one burden from the overtaxed frame.

When the blow fell both husbands looked for tears, and despair, and hopeless, listless despondency. Did they find them? Did Frank Lee appreciate the depth and force of character slumbering beneath the gentle exterior of his fair, young bride? Had Godfrey Leeson, after more than four years happy intercourse with the woman he loved more and better each day, fathomed the glorious capabilities of her nature?

Not at all. Both had expected only tears, and perhaps recriminations. The bitterest pang had been the thought that their ruin must be imparted to their wives—those whom they believed had married them "for better" and not "for worse," "for richer" and not "for poorer." Both were surprised first, then delighted, then overwhelmed with joy and thankfulness, as they saw how these feeble creatures rose up in new strength, girded themselves with the diviner instincts of their womanhood, to meet the crisis of their fortune.

No tears, no reproaches, no vain longings after lost splendor, no repining at the absence of luxuries made necessaries by life-long indulgence! Both assumed at once the position of comforter and earnest friend; their own sorrows all merged in their deeper sympathy for those they loved. Both resolved to waste no time in useless repining, but to go quietly but steadily to work to aid their husbands, and both, without any of that which is usually termed woman's weakness, and is looked upon as an amiable trait of the sex, where no strength is required, immediately sought about for means to accomplish their purposes.

Some months have passed since the crash of ruin resounded in the ears of those of whom we relate this episode. Cora has gone to the far West with her husband. Her father and mother have gone also, and the two families are settled near each other. Frank has turned farmer, and Cora abets his new employment, and is learning, as fast as possible, all the arts that will fit her for the head of a rural household. Already she is an adept in all ordinary culinary preparations; and next summer the white hands that since knew no sterner toil than flitting over the keys of the pianoforte, or the strings of the harp, will be initiated into the labors and mysteries of the dairy.

Emily is house-hunting, during this bleak March weather, going cheerfully on foot, about the streets through which her gaily caparisoned horses but lately drew her, in almost regal state. The clerkship, which Godfrey has secured, will not sustain them, and she has planned to open a boarding-house; and thus, by her own self-sacrifice and cheerful toil, lift a portion of his heavy burdens, from his over-wearied frame.

And, if truth were told, both pairs are happier and more cheerful to-day than even in the past times of luxury and splendor. Misfortune has drawn them closer, has displayed the better traits of character that might else have slumbered forever, has increased their love and trust, and made them more truly "companions" in all the cares, and duties, and responsibilities of life.

Life lies long before them. Riches will possibly return to them, won again by steady industry, or fortunate chance. But never, never, it may well be believed, will they regret the lessons they have learned from "the panic," or forget the joys that have come to them with their lowly fortunes.

A WISH.

O, grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;—
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends!

WHAT'S A WIFE?

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

"A wife?" says Hyacinth Self-will Lofty, "why a wife is a woman that belongs to a man. She's a pretty little creature, made to tickle his fancy, his vanity, and his self-love; and to laugh, sing, and dance through his otherwise dull habitation. But upon her dance, mind you, she must see that the house is kept in good order; that the dinner is always well cooked; that the buttons and the hose are all right; and that nothing in the whole household economy ever interferes with *his* comfort. In short, a wife is a pleasant sort of universal servant to her husband's will and pleasure—a most agreeable provision made by the Creator for man's good. She is a compound of flowers, music, and domestic animal, very useful and very ornamental—all the more desirable for her lack of mental powers, because, were she not in this respect so much inferior to her decreed lord and master, she *might* become so presumptuous as to think that a shoe which fits one foot ought to fit the other; that good rules work both ways; and that just so much comfort and delight as she *gives* she has a right to demand in return; that just so much honor and respect as she pays she should receive; in short, that she is in number and importance, of rights and privileges, the peer of her husband."

Thus Mr. Hyacinth Self-will Lofty.

But James Just Common-Sense, Esq., made answer:

"Nay; but a wife is given neither for a toy, nor for a servant, but for a steadfast friend; she is, indeed, a fount of joy and pleasure, such as, to a true heart, there is not elsewhere on earth; she is, indeed, the brightener of his house, and the wise and careful manager of her family, of *her* family, for whatever is his is hers, and between wedded hearts the words "mine" and "thine" are impudence and absurdity; but she is *more* than this—she is his confidant, his adviser, his ever sympathizing friend, his able and most tender consoler, his strength ever when his courage droops; she is the voice of God's love and comfort to him as he toils and struggles through this weary world. *This* is what a wife is, if she answer to her Maker's ideal; but she is seldom found, alas! because man is so unworthy."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $5; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to ROBERT BONNER, NEW YORK LEDGER office, No. 44 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

A NEW STORY BY EMERSON BENNETT.—In the next number of the LEDGER we shall commence a new story, entitled, "BLANCHE BERTRAND; or, PERILS OF THE BORDER," by the distinguished and popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, whose graphic and thrilling sketches, published on our eighth page, have been so much admired. "BLANCHE BERTRAND" is Mr. Bennett's masterpiece. It is a narrative of wild and perilous adventure among the savages of our western border, and is full of stirring incidents, intensified by poetic fire and mellowed by subduing pathos. At the outset it takes hold of the heart with a vigorous grasp, and leads the imagination captive.

AMERICAN ART.

No country can be compared to our own for diversity and grandeur of natural scenery. We speak not only of the United States, but of the whole western hemisphere. And the impressiveness of this New-World nature is not derived from its primitiveness and the strong contrasts its freshness and wildness present, as compared with the Old World, so much as from its breadth of outline and rugged splendor of proportion. Nature seems to have been born of a larger throe west of the Atlantic. All its features here are Titanic. Its rivers are brighter and broader; its mountains lift their summits nearer to the heavens; its lakes are infant seas, and in the depths of many of its unbroken forests are spaces for empires more populous than Greece or Rome.

All over the country is written MAGNITUDE. The mind that contemplates its scenery must be exalted thereby. The imagination is summoned forth in its imperiality as the eye takes in the vast, varied, and magnificent landscape, viewed from some mountain crest—hills and valleys, forests and farm-fields, hamlets and cities, lakes and rivers, with scattered or dense populations, making all the scene musical with the voices of industry, intelligence and freedom. Art, a lofty, pure American art, if it cannot be born and reared here, can charge no fault of example or inspiration to nature.

And there is ample history, tradition, and romance, to invest all this New World landscape with deep and fascinating interest. The hills and valleys, and bright waters, are linked with the thrilling record of our own race—the perils and endurance, and often tragic sufferings of those who pioneered civilization hither from Europe; the noble daring, the heroism, and the sacrifices of those who, on the battle field, and in the council hall, planted the firm pillars of the Republic; the genius and enterprise of later generations, whose triumphs in art and commerce, in society and government, in arms and colonization, have flushed the brow of freedom with surpassing splendor. And back of all these is the history—a tradition of mystery—of that strange race vanquished in our path, and whose last traces are fading out toward the setting sun.

This is the country over whose scenery, so richly invested, art can evoke its highest inspiration, and express its grandest powers, leaving nature still unexhausted. This is the country, too, where Art is destined to build a prouder Pantheon for its divinities—where art will make its most cherished home—where future sculptors shall rival the hand of Phidias—where painters, better than Protogenes or Apelles, shall steal the blush of nature from her cheek, and where our architects shall build grander and fairer temples and monuments than the Parthenon and the pyramids. Surely, the New World is the home and field for the loftiest exhibitions of art—worthy to inspire a distinct and surpassing American Art.

THE GIFT ENTERPRISES.

The initiatory steps taken by the Mayor to expose these humbugs and swindles have been so vigorously followed up by the respectable and influential portion of the New York press, that the days of "gift enterprises" may be considered as numbered, and their managers as marked objects of public suspicion and distrust. The energy and skill of Sergeant Berney, of the Mayor's Police, has proved altogether too much for them. Dodge, and shirk, and skulk, and sneak as they may, Sergeant B. ferrets them out, and brings them up to the Mayor's office to settle. There they are compelled to disgorge, own up, and give bail; and then they run away. Thus the community happily gets rid of them.

Mayor Tieman deserves the thanks of all honest men for the public spiritedness which he has displayed in regard to the breaking up of the multifarious swindling schemes of this city, since his induction into office.

A DECIDED BUT PLEASANT "HIT"

DUBLIN, Cheshire Co., N. H., *April 12th*, 1858.

MR. BONNER:—*Dear Sir*—I noticed, in a recent issue of the LEDGER, a statement to the effect that you "commit to the flames, *without examination*, all voluntary contributions whatsoever." I venture to suggest that such is not always the case, in proof of which please find inclosed a "voluntary contribution" ($2), for which send the LEDGER one year to my address, dating back from January 1st, 1858.

Truly yours, S. C. ABBOTT.

We freely acknowledge that the writer of the above letter has caught us handsomely; but we assure him that we bear him no malice therefor, and that, however often he repeats the satire, he will find our temper competent to undergo the infliction without the slightest disturbance.

USURY LAWS.

Usury laws declare, in effect, that honest intentions and good character are not to be given as security to a creditor, though watches and wheelbarrows may. If a man in moderate circumstances has pressing need of fifty dollars, he may obtain the money by pledging his wife's jewels and his own apparel, and paying twenty five per cent. to a pawnbroker; but if a neighbor, confiding in the fair intentions of the borrower, is willing to advance the money at ten per cent. on a note, the law steps in between man and man and forbids the arrangement. That is, it forbids it in effect, by inviting the borrower to the dishonesty of pleading usury, and so escape the payment of both principal and interest. This risk the lender will not encounter, though but for the law interfering with the liberty and security of contracts, both would have found an advantage in the accommodation. In this city, almost the entire class of poor borrowers have to pay twenty-five per cent. per annum, to licensed pawnbrokers, for the temporary use of money, because the law will not permit other lenders to take personal security at eight, ten, or twelve per cent. interest. This is an undeniable and very curious illustration of the evils of over-legislation. We have no certain statistics on the subject, but an intelligent and experienced observer and inquirer gives it as his opinion that one-half of our entire adult population have recourse, some time or other in the year, to pawnbrokers for temporary loans, and of these a good proportion could, by their character and respectability, obtain the aid they require on terms more than one-half easier, if the law left them free to make binding contracts. A person will pay high for the use of money if his wants are urgent, but he will always get it on the best terms he can. Ready money capitalists must be paid something additional for the risk and trouble of small loans, or they will not make them. This the usury laws forbid, and the consequence is that small borrowers are thrown entirely upon the 25 per cent. pawnbrokers. Usury laws and pawnbrokers—what an anomaly!

MAY-DAY.

Already the notes of preparation are sounding. Scrubbing-brushes and white-wash, paint-pots and carpet-whippers, thick as mosquitoes around a swamp on a sultry summer evening, are signs potent of the May-Day hegira. Who, but the successful house-letter, does not look with subdued horror at its approach—subdued, because there is no getting rid of the move, no delaying for a day even—it is a doom, inevitable as death. Imagine some thousands of families preparing for this spring-cart jaunt. From cellar to attic, not a thing in the house but is to be upturned, packed, jolted, and replaced in a new and unfamiliar position. What furniture will be broken and tarnished—what crockery smashed—what treasures of art irreparably marred—what mirrors ominously shivered by careless hands and diabolical pavements. But in the face of household confusion and lamentation, the cart-men will rejoice. May-Day is their holiday. On that day they gather grapes from a moving vineyard.

Moving is a losing and luckless business. It is a thing of "wear and tear" which should, as far as possible, be avoided. It is a costly and vexatious thing—the first period of life in the new tenement being symbolic of "a cat in a strange garret." Wonder not, O moving man, who, as a rolling stone, gatherest no moss, if for a week to come, and some weeks thereafter, thou hast a cross wife and sundry dirty children. Women have a right to be cross, and babies to cry, and cats and dogs to be astonished during the May-Day period. But as the move must be made, let the movers bear it as kindly as they can. The breaks and jars are inevitable, and the better philosophy is to laugh over them. To be irritable at what is unavoidable, is only to inflict fresh suffering upon one's self. May-Day comes but once a year, thank fate, and after it—as on the face of the sky after a storm—there will be a sunshine of unclouded faces, beautiful to behold.

ANOTHER ROMAN.

The American generation, just passing from the stage of action, was honored by a band of public men and statesmen, whose lives won the proud appellation of "Roman." They were Roman, in the full sense of that term, when it embraced the noblest names of the "Mother of Empires." Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Webster, Clay, and Benton—these were a list of which the Republic may boast through all time—a circle such as has seldom, if ever, been contemporary in one legislative body. Over an almost equal period these great, patriotic men labored, if we may trust their public record, with earnest patriotism in behalf of the Republic. Somewhat of personal ambition each doubtless had, but this was bravely subborned to their sense of duty to their country. And none of those we have named—alas! all departed now—was more memorable for lofty Roman character than the latest living of them—Thomas H. Benton. His services to his country, pure and unselfish as were ever rendered, are written all over our public history for the past forty years—written with a delibleness that time will deepen and brighten, rather than tarnish or efface. The history of the life of such a man as Col. Benton may well serve as a guide to American youth who aspire to real fame and usefulness, or who may desire at their death to be spoken and written of as "Another Roman."

WHO OWNS THE GOLD?

The Supreme Court of California, in the case of Boggs vs. the Merced Mining Company, have recently decided that the owner of land does not own the precious metals, or mines, beneath the surface of his land. And they go still further. Having decided that the United States own the gold, they add that with the ownership must go the right to dig the gold, and with the right to dig the gold must go the right to occupy so much land as is necessary in said digging, and that the right of digging may be transferred by the Government to individuals. Should this startling doctrine be ultimately declared to be the law of the land (and of the gold) by the U. S. Supreme Court, it will work much mischief. In that event, the more auriferous a man's land, the worse he will be off. The Government not only own the gold but can sell the right to dig it to anybody they please, and the purchaser will have the right to occupy as much of the unfortunate owner's land as may be necessary to enable him to carry on his digging operations. According to this, a man might lose his entire estate if it were rich enough in mines.

☞ "It was our misfortune to behold an intoxicated *woman* the other night—it was a miserable sight. Women were not made to drink rum. Why will they do it?"—*Exchange.*

We were not aware that *men* were made to drink rum. Why will *they* do it? In these days of Woman's Rights, who will deny the daughters of creation an equal privilege with the sons at "the bowl?"

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

WHAT CAME OF A VIOLET.

Before me lies a little violet, the forerunner of spring, with a sweet, faint, delicate perfume like a baby's breath. It should give me joy, and yet my tears are dropping on its purple leaves.

Why? Has life been such a holyday to you, that your heart never grew sick at a perfume or a well-remembered song hummed beneath your window, or a form, or a face, which was, and yet was not, which mockingly touched a chord that for years you had carefully covered over, every vibration of which was torture unutterable? Have you never rushed franticly into a crowd—somewhere, anywhere to be rid of yourself? Did you never laugh and talk so incessantly and so gaily, that your listeners asked wonderingly and reproachfully, "Does she ever *think*?" Did you ever walk till your feet tottered beneath you, and still press on, as if urged by some invisible, irresistible power? Did you never listen to the tick—tick—of your watch, night after night, with dilated eyes that would not close, with limbs so weary that you could not change your posture, and lips so parched you could not even cry, God help me, and your brain one vast workshop, where memory was forging racks, and chains, and screws, and trying their strength on every quivering nerve? Did you never hail the first streak of dawn, as an angel whom you implored to lay a cool hand on your brow, and bring you peace or oblivion? and did you never see that day's sun set in clouds, like its predecessors, and the stars come forth one by one, with searching eyes, staring into the windows of your soul with a free, bold gaze, that irritated and maddened you?

You never did? Well, then, how can you understand why I shed tears over the violet? Ask your Maker that it may be a long day before sorrow brings you such knowledge, and if you have a child, and that child a girl, whose heritage is your intense nature, ask Him to take the cup of life from her lips ere she prays to have it done, ere the fair things of earth shrivel away before her eyes like a scroll.

Poor little violet, live out thy little day. I needs must love thee; I know this was not the story nature told thee to tell me, and yet it will never be an old tale while warm hearts beat, and life's pain is more than life's pleasure.

Blessed is that woman whom a new bonnet or a new dress can satisfy, who can contemplate her diamond rings, and not know a wish ungratified, who leaves reflections to her mirror, and is never reminded of her heart save by her corset-lacings.

FANNY FERN.

A CRYSTAL PALACE MEMORANDUM.

To a country lady "who desires to know the spring fashions" I would say, that if her neck be very thin and long, she must by all means wear a dress cut low in the shoulders. If she be very short and dumpy, she must affect a dignified strut, and wear a swelling hoop and tiers of flounces. If her complexion be sallow, I would decidedly recommend pea green, and if her shoulders be high, a tight-fitting sacque for street wear, and a bonnet hung very low on the back of her head. If, on the contrary, her complexion is on the peony order, bright crimson or orange would be the thing, and *light*-colored gaiter boots if her feet be large, and her ankles thick; light gloves, also, if she has hands to match her feet, and the shortest man she can find for a lover, if she be on the barber pole pattern, and vice versa.

And lest she should think I am joking, allow me to inform her, with one hand on the Concordance, that I am in serious earnest; that after the most critical research into feminine apparelings generally, and after a protracted promenade and stare at the late Crystal Palace "fete," I am satisfied, if she follows the above directions, that she will not fail, when she comes to Gotham, to look as the stunning Gothamites look. FANNY FERN

SPEAK OUT!

Don't practice prevarication or circumlocution, young friends! It may be true of language, as judged by the dictionary, and as charged upon it by a famous satirical writer, that it was seemingly invented to hide thought, instead of expressing it. To this purpose the "ifs" and "ands," the "perhapses," etc., are very frequently put. But we warn you, the more earnestly, against their prevaricating use, if you are desirous of maintaining your self-respect and personal integrity!

No, no. Never prevaricate! If a question is asked you, answer promptly and squarely, or decline answering altogether. And the latter course it is your privilege to take, if an improper question is put to you, from idle curiosity, or some worse motive.

There is nothing more attractive in young people, than frankness of bearing—frankness of look as well as of speech—an open countenance and a truthful tongue—an eye that never winks or squints beneath the burden of a falsehood—a lip that refuses to let a lie pass over it.

There are no words in the English language more valuable than the little monosyllables, "yes" and "no." There is no prevarication in them, when properly uttered. But when they are drawled out into "ye—e—s" and "no—o—o," then they become words of prevarication. Out with them, in a clear ring of the voice, when you speak them! Only so will you do justice to your native sense of propriety. Only so can you be contented with yourself. Only so can you be truly happy!

There is nothing so safe, in the long run, and surely nothing more beautiful, than truth—truth frankly spoken.

Speak out!

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.

Mohammed was wont to say that religion had its very foundation in cleanliness, and he pronounced it "one-half of the faith, and the key of prayer." How often he expected his followers to wash themselves, may be inferred from his exhortation with respect to prayer. They were to pray "before the rising of the sun, and before the setting thereof; in the hours of the night, and in the extremities of the day; when the evening overtaketh you, and when you rise in the morning; at sunset, and when you rest at noon." But we have a still more pointed injunction in these words: "O, true believers! when you *prepare* yourselves to pray, wash your faces and your hands, and your heads and your feet."

Now, setting aside "the great unwashed" class in this and other Christian countries, it might be well for their inhabitants to pattern a little after the Mahommedans, in this respect. It certainly would do them no spiritual harm. To the contrary, it would require but a slight knowledge of physiology to convince any real Christian that it would benefit him spiritually as well as bodily.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

Pleasure is the authorized Sabbath keeping of the continent, and is the special worship of the French. Shops of all kinds are open till noon, when the entire population turn out for amusement. The Champs Elyses wear the aspect of a fair. Roundabouts and swings delight the children, while thousands of persons are attracted to the open cafes, each of which has an elevated platform, beneath a gaudy silk canopy, where half a dozen women, in gay evening costume, sing comic songs alternately with the lively tunes of a band of music below. The water-works at St. Cloud or at Versailles are put in operation for the gratification of the myriads of pleasure-seekers, and in the evening the theatres and other places of amusement are open as usual.

Whatever other fashions we may borrow from France, may we never adopt this! Our national stability, our sturdy liberty, our steadfast patriotism, depend on the deep religious spirit of the people, for the cultivation of which Sabbath observance is essential. A population fearing God, can neither be the slaves of the despot, nor the tools of the demagogue. Tyranny and faction alike fail with a people devoting one day in seven to the spiritual, enlightened, voluntary worship of the God of Truth. While we would resist to the last any legal enforcement of worship—which, when it ceases to be spontaneous, ceases to be religious—yet, from mere political considerations, every one who would not have our history resemble that of France and Italy, should deprecate any tendency to lessen Sabbath sacredness in the estimation and habits of the people.

And let the laboring classes beware how they echo the cry of those false friends, who, pretending a benevolent concern for their interests, advocate Sunday amusements for the poor. The charter of their weekly rest is thereby jeoparded. The toil of some is demanded for the gratification of the many. The precedent will soon be followed among a people eager to be rich. If one establishment may employ its servants on the plea of furnishing pleasure to the people, others, with no worse motive, though with a different and perhaps superior plea, such as the increase of the necessaries of life, will soon imitate the example. The wedge whose thin end is introduced by the plea of philanthropy, will soon be driven home by the sledge-hammer of cupidity. The Holy Day is the guardian of the holiday, and when once the spell of sacredness is broken, the toiling masses may discover, too late, that while dreaming of pleasure they have been robbed even of repose, and that the advocates of Sabbath Sanctity were really their best friends.

RICHES.

The acquisition of riches seems, from the beginning of time, to have been one of man's universal passions. Many causes have tended to inspire it. Riches have ever proved a source of power, and a means of commanding respect and adulation. The rich have been, while living, at least, counted among the great—they have been the imitated, the quoted, the honored. The rich have largely controlled the public opinion, the social status, and the political destinies of the race. They have framed the laws, and shaped the judgments thereon. In the hands of the good, riches have been a blessing; but who will say that in the hands of the majority riches have not been a corrupter and a curse? The maddest and the saddest lives have been spent in the accumulation of riches. Yet there is no evil in wealth. It is not money, but the *love* of money that is the root of evil. When the pursuit of fortune does not curtail the humanities, and its possession enlarges rather than diminishes man's aspiration to do good and be useful among men, riches are fair and lovely as the wings of ministering angels. It is a noble feeling, and worthy of his exalted character, that man should desire to surround himself with comfort and independence. This feeling may be cherished without undue selfishness or hardening of the heart, and the more of this world's goods the true man possesses, the more suffering and want he can relieve. Sought rightly as a means, riches are a noble pursuit; sought and hoarded as an end, they are base and contemptible. Burns had a manly idea of riches when he sang:—

"To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor—
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

LEADING VS. DRIVING.

The old-fashioned way of managing the masses was by force—the force of authority—the "divine right of kings"—when that would suffice. When it would not, the bastile or the bayonet, the sword or the sweetened draught of hemlock, the cave of exile or the cross of ignominy! It was thus all refractory spirits were managed, and "broken in," by tyranny in its various forms, except the few, whose "immortal *names* were not born to die" with their bodies, such as Socrates the sage, and Jesus the "son and sent of God," and the long line of martyrs whose blood has proved the seed of not only the church, but of all forms in which heaven-ordained truth has struggled for a world-blessing free utterance—oh! how often she has struggled in vain!

But, while the spirit of progress has so successfully protested against these outward forms of tyrannic sway, that their use has vastly decreased, they have their substitutes in our age. These are found operative in all the departments of life, and by them the refractory are "whipped into the traces" of the car of party, or shamed into the false fashions of society! And the "leaders" of the people, forgetting, too often, their true office, which is to *lead*, as the word shows, undertake to *drive* the masses into the adoption of their plans of "reform"—for all changes, in the existing order of things, are dignified, of course, with this attractive name, however selfish the underlying motive may be.

Let not our would-be leaders so forget their calling. But, if not mistaking it, they aim to drive, while *pretending* to lead, we notify them that the tenure of their power will be short, unless they yet can put the pew and the press under a perpetual ban of prescriptive disuse and silence, and dam up the streams of knowledge with which they have already flooded the world. The time for driving is well nigh past, and the age of genuine leadership is at hand.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas, how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

BENEFICENCE may exist without benevolence. Arising from a sense of duty, not from sympathy or compassion, it may be a charity of the hand, not of the heart. And this, though less amiable, is, perhaps, more certain than the charity of impulse, inasmuch as a principle is more to be relied on than a feeling. There is an apparent beneficence which has no connection either with right principle or right feeling, as when we throw alms to a beggar, not to relieve him of his distress, but ourselves of his importunity, or of the pain of beholding him and listening to his supplications, and there is a charity which is mere selfishness, as when we bestow it for the sole purpose of ostentation. We need not be surprised that certain names are pertinaciously blazoned before the public eye in lists of contributors, if we bear in mind that "charity covers a multitude of sins."

BEAUTY has been not unaptly, though perhaps rather vulgarly, defined as "all in my eye," since it addresses itself solely to that organ and is intrinsically of little value. From this ephemeral flower spring many of the ingredients of matrimonial unhappiness. It is a dangerous gift for both its possessor and its admirer. If its possession, as is often the case, turns the head, while its loss sours the temper, if the long regret of its decay outways the fleeting pleasure of its bloom, the plain should pity rather than envy the handsome. Beauty of countenance, which, being the light of the soul shining through the face, is independent of features or complexion, is the most attractive as well as the most enduring charm. Nothing but talent and amiability can bestow it, no statue or picture can rival it, and time itself cannot destroy it.

A COUNSELOR is a servant of all work. Show us the counselor, who, refusing to hire out his talents to overreach the innocent, defraud the orphan, and impoverish the widow, will scrupulously decline a brief unless the cause of his client wears a semblance of honesty and justice; who will leave knaves and robbers to the merited inflictions of the law while he cheerfully exerts his skill and eloquence in redressing the wrongs of the injured—ay, show us such a one, and we will cheerfully admit that he richly deserves—not to have been a lawyer.

SMALL-BEER is an undrinkable drink, which, if it were set upon a cullender to let the water run out, would leave a residuum of—nothing. Of whatever else it may be guilty, it is generally innocent of malt and hops. It comes into the third category of the honest brewer, who divided his infusions into three classes—strong table, common table, and *lament-able*. An illiterate vender of the commodity wrote over his door, "Bear sold here." He spells the word right, said a customer, if he means to let us know that the article is his own *Bruin*.

A FELLOW in Tennessee, arrested the other day for stealing a bank bill, was searched thoroughly, and the bill was not found. A person present, who had observed him rather closely, insisted that a strong emetic should be given him. It was given, and the thief was convicted *out of his own mouth*.

AS a want of exterior generally increases the interior beauty, we should perhaps generally do well to judge of woman as of the impressions on medals—pronouncing those the most valuable which are the *plainest*.

WITHOUT suffering there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy. Many of the brightest virtues are like stars—it must be night or they cannot shine.

A DEEP thinker very truly says that he who cannot clearly express a thought cannot *think* one, for thoughts, like Minerva, are born with their clothes on.

A SKEPTIC thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

WHEN we read the lying epitaphs upon gravestones, we are compelled to doubt whether the dead or the living lie the most habitually in churchyards.

A FRIEND of ours, who is too polite to call his opponent a *blackguard*, designates him as a person who will be found a "*little tawny in his supervision.*"

A POPULAR author exclaims, "What a pity some quadrupeds can't talk." We are rather disposed to say, what a pity some bipeds *can*.

MANY of our merchants advertise that we can buy of them "at cost." When we make the trial, we find that we buy of them at very *great cost*.

WHEN a man goes toward his object in a tortuous rather than in a straight direction, you had better set him down as *a serpent*.

WE have read in our Bible too much about the "scarlet woman," to be able to admire the scarlet petticoat.

THE shortness of *life* is very often owing to the irregularities of the *liver*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE inhabitants of a small settlement on the Red River, in Arkansas, were very much astonished one fine morning not long since, at receiving a visit from a huge alligator. A venturesome negro, named Andrew Jackson, in attempting to kill the monster, received a blow from his tail which knocked him senseless, and before assistance could be rendered to the unfortunate man, the alligator had crushed him in his jaws. A number of men with rifles soon attacked the monster, shot out his eyes, and finally succeeded in killing him.

A FEW days ago a conductor on the Central Railroad found, on leaving Syracuse, that two seats in a car were overflowingly filled by a woman and six children. The lady, when asked for fare, produced but *one ticket*, and assured the conductor that all her six children were *under six years of age*, and therefore not chargeable with fare by the rules of the company. On a close inspection of the little jokers, the conductor became convinced that the eldest was not seven years old, and so let them all pass as "lap passengers."

ROBERT MCNICHOL, of Clay county, Missouri, while chopping in two the trunk of a tree on which he was standing, hit with the ax a stout branch of a tree that extended above him, and losing his balance from the sudden jerk of his ax, fell backward, and the ax falling upon his temple, edge downward, inflicted a fatal wound, causing his death before his son, who was at work a little distance from him, could reach the spot where he lay.

THE Yazoo (Miss.) Chronicle says that a man living near that place, who was cutting firewood one Sabbath morning, swore terribly at some of his children who came playing around, and told them if they would not clear out he would cut their heads off. A few moments afterwards, as he was in the act of splitting a stick of wood, his foot slipped, and stumbling forward, the ax came down on the head of a little daughter, and clove her nearly to the waist.

IN Boston, a gentleman who was desirous of killing a dog, administered a large dose of strychnine to the animal in a dish of milk, and shut him up in an outhouse over night. In the morning the dog was found alive, and without any symptoms of sickness. It is presumed that the milk counteracted the effect of the poison; and if it did, this would prove that milk is an efficient antidote against strychnine.

MARTHA BLIGHTSONE, a young girl seventeen years of age, living in Dinwiddie county, Virginia, was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake a short time since, while roaming in the woods, and died a few hours after reaching home. Her foot and leg had swollen to four times their usual size, and she suffered the most intense agony.

SOME one lately broke into the stable of a gentleman in Troy, (N. Y.,) and cut off a valuable horse's ears, and also cut the animal in the neck. A wretch who would thus wantonly maim a dumb brute, and especially such a noble animal as the horse, should be visited with severe punishment.

MARY BRAINARD was recently arrested in Buffalo, for giving her husband a sound thrashing; but she was let off upon showing that she had to support the family, and that her lazy, good-for-nothing liege lord "gave her sauce" when she told him to run of an errand.

GREAT apprehension is felt among some medical men in regard to the yellow fever this season. They think it may overrun the country; but, on the contrary, other authorities hold that there is no more probability of its scourging us this season than on any other.

A MARRIED man, residing at Glen's Falls, in this State, who was always severe on the little peccadilloes of the boys of that village, a short time since eloped with his wife's sister.

THE "gift enterprise" people are becoming scarce. So many of them have been exposed that the business has ceased to be lucrative, and they are not men who work for the love of labor or from patriotic motives.

THE oldest person in Michigan is a Mrs. Lucky, who is now in her hundred and first year, and in the enjoyment of good health.

IN a little village called Weissport, in Carbon county, Penn., over forty children have died with scarlet fever within a few months.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MINSTREL-LOVER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Minstrel, thy farewell song,
Sad as a dirge heard through the midnight rain,
Falls on my heart—and love's dear years again
On memory throng.

The music of the past
Comes floating round me—and young Fancy brings
Sweet dreams of love and glory on her wings
Too bright to last.

The bow that spanned the years
In life's young morning glows with blessed ray,
But soon, too soon, its beauty melts away
In clouds and tears.

I may not hear that tone
Of mournful minstrelsy again. 'Tis well!
Alas! that earthly tones should ever swell
So wild and lone.

Minstrel, I love thee now
As first I loved thee. In this raven hair
I twine, as then, thy favorite flowers—but where,
Oh! where art thou?

The solitary star,
That rose so sweetly o'er yon mountain's brow
On that blest eve of love—'tis rising now—
But thou art far.

I gaze on yon dear moon
As erst we gazed ere love's young dreams were dull.
And weep that dreams so passing beautiful
Should fade so soon.

I wander on the spot
Where first we met. The notes of early birds
Still float upon the air, but thy sweet words—
I hear them not.

I am alone, and fast
My life is fading from the earth—this breath
Is faltering now, and the low wind of death
Seems moaning past.

'Tis well, and I have come
To bear in silence. I can calmly see
Life's last pale blossom wither on its tree,
Then seek my home.

Minstrel, this mournful token
Of love is thine—it is my heart's farewell!
I leave thee soon—oh! keep it as a spell
Of love unbroken.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION

CHAPTER XL.

THE GRANDFATHER'S BRIBE FAILS.

Several weeks elapsed, and neither Mr. Bently nor his grandson had once alluded to what was uppermost in the minds of each—the departure of the latter for India. Once, when our hero, in speaking of the pleasure of possessing a domain like Meldown—the happiness which such a property might enable the owner to diffuse around him, the old man smiled.

The hope of detaining Richard in England strengthened.

"He can hardly refuse," he thought, "the temptation I can offer."

Like most men of the world, he was mistaken. It never entered into his calculations that there are natures only to be bribed through their feelings—minds in whose judgment gold is as dross compared with the dictates of duty or the impulse of affection.

The two relatives were walking one evening in the park, when Mr. Bently pointed to a magnificent hunter, which one of the grooms was breaking in.

"For you!" he said.

The youth remained silent. He had long suspected the desire of the speaker to be released from the promise he had made him, and the words confirmed it.

"You do not appear satisfied with my gift?" observed the merchant, in a tone of disappointment. "Most just men, I imagined, were fond of horses."

"I should indeed be ungrateful," replied the youth, "were I insensible to your kindness. And if I did not thank you as I ought to have done, my silence arose from a circumstance which I fear you have forgotten."

"And that is——"

"My approaching departure for India will render your present useless."

"Richard," said the merchant, seating himself at the foot of an aged oak, whose gnarled and giant branches cast a broad shadow across their path, "it is time that we understand each other. Listen to me patiently, and weigh well every word I am about to utter; for the future which to you contains long years of happiness and I trust, respect and honor, to me the last gleam of sunshine I can experience this side of the grave depends.

"I am rich," resumed the old man. "Time, which has stripped me of the solace of a wife and child's affections, has heaped up in my coffers wealth sufficient to slake even the thirst of avarice, to place pleasure, the world's observance and its honors, within reach of him I name my heir."

He paused to watch the effect his words had produced, but the countenance of his hearer remained impassible. There was no flashing of the eye, or quivering of the lip, to indicate that he felt touched by the glittering bait thus artfully spread out before him.

"You do not value gold?" added his grandfather, in a tone of disappointment.

"Will it purchase happiness?" demanded our hero.

"The world will tell you that it does."

"Then why are not you happy, sir?"

"The question is boldly put," replied Mr. Bently, after a pause, "and I will answer it truthfully. Because I relied on wealth as the principle, instead of the accessory. When Providence—for I recognize her wonder-working hand—cast you upon my care, I was a proud, stern man—proud of the success I had achieved in the commercial world, the high standing of the firm I had founded; stern and unbending in my resolution.

"We little know our own hearts," resumed the speaker, after a pause. "He is but a fool who imagines that he has fathomed either its strength or weakness. In you the tie of affection, so long broken, became knit again, the more strongly, perhaps, for having once been severed. I cannot part with you, Richard; the pang would kill me."

It must have been a sterner nature than his grandson's to have heard this avowal unmoved—the tone of almost childish helplessness in which it was pronounced.

"But for a while," replied the young man; "a year may bring me back to you again."

"Speak not of it," exclaimed the old man, mournfully.

"Your promise to me?"

"You must release me from it. Do not answer me till you have heard the price I am willing to pay."

At the words *price* and *pay*, Richard Hoffman drew himself up to his full height. The words grated harshly on his feelings.

"I have already taken steps to obtain the sanction of the Crown to your assuming my name Should dishonor fall upon your father, it will scarcely affect you; and my fortune—all I possess—shall be settled irrevocably upon you."

"Grandfather! grandfather!" interrupted the youth, impatiently; "what a mercenary, heartless thing you must imagine me. Be more just, both to yourself and me; for years I have consented—and Heaven knows the pang the resolution cost me—to abstain from all intercourse with my parents. Bartered my mother's kiss, my sister's love, not for the gold of which you are so proud, but the hope that the uncertainty of my fate might assist in effecting a father's reformation."

"It has effected it," groaned the merchant; "and but for the past, the inexorable past, gladly would I acknowledge him."

"I give no credence to the past you speak of," answered Richard; "my father has been traduced, slandered, made the victim of a foul suspicion he never had an opportunity of disproving. Were I to accept your offer, never could I look him in the face again. He would have the right to despise me.

"My line of conduct is clear," he added. "I must proceed to India. Should Providence bless my enterprise and enable me to clear my parent's name, then, and then only, shall I possess a claim to his forgiveness for my long and cruel silence."

THE BRIBE IS OFFERED.

see I can reject it. Make whom you will your heir, I have no right to murmur at the decision. When the voice of passion is no longer heard, and reason resumes her empire, then, grandfather, you will think more kindly of the boy your bounty snatched from ruin, more justly of his gratitude and affection for you, and cease to blame him because he prefers duty to gold."

"You cannot go to India without my aid," hoarsely murmured Mr. Bently.

"You forget that I am young."

"You have no clue to——"

"God, that protected the boy, will not desert the man, grandfather," answered Richard Hoffman. "Let us part friends. Give me your blessing and farewell."

The merchant rose slowly from his seat beneath the oak. A variety of emotions were contending in his breast—anger, disappointment, and, let us add, kindlier feelings, which, as he gazed upon the animated features of the speaker, and saw the tears he vainly attempted to repress, prevailed.

Throwing himself upon his neck, he wept bitterly.

"You have conquered," he exclaimed, "and perhaps I love you the better for my defeat. Grant me a few days to recover from the downfall of my hopes. I will not abuse it. A few days to the weakness of an old man's heart, and everything shall be arranged as you desire. I will not try to tempt you again," he added, "from the path you have chosen."

Mr. Bently kept his word: from that day his grandson was exposed to no further exhortations to remain—the old man felt they would be useless. Amongst other arrangements for the safety of our hero, and the success of his enterprise, it was settled that he should take the name of a distant branch of the family, Tyrrell, and that Lieutenant Marsh, who had hitherto so effectually watched over his safety in Jersey, should accompany him, not in the character of a tutor, but simply as a friend, whose knowledge of the country and advice in any emergency might prove useful to him.

At the end of a month, one of the party, at least, quitted Meldown Park with a much heavier heart than he had arrived with.

We scarcely need say that it was the merchant.

The stay in town was necessarily a brief one, although it proved sufficient to enable our hero to execute a project he had long entertained of having his portrait taken. When done, he intrusted it to his friend Harry.

"For my dear mother," he said. "It is a painful task that I have confided to you, for you will have to resist her prayers, and tears which are still more eloquent; but my grandfather's secret must be kept, for, should I not live to return, the knowledge of it might steel her heart against him."

The parting between Mr. Bently and his grandson took place on the beach of Southampton, and was delayed until the last moment. Lieutenant Marsh had been some time on board.

The old man would accompany him from the hotel, and see him into the boat. It was the last one. The ship Perseverance only waited its return to raise anchor and get under weigh.

"No further, dear grandfather," said our hero, alarmed at the old man's paleness.

"Do not fear me, Richard; I will not add to your distress by yielding to the weakness of age, or the feelings of my heart. I shall have time enough to indulge in that when you are gone, and I am once more alone in the world. Everything, yes, I think everything has been arranged to insure your success in India. Do not spare my credit," he added; "you will but forestall your inheritance."

"All that affection could suggest has been done for me," replied the young man, "*save one thing.*"

The merchant regarded him anxiously.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?"

"*I trust not.*"

"It is my last request."

"Then I am sure I shall not feel angry," said his relative.

"You have a child," said our hero; "true, she has offended you, but she is still your child, and years of coldness and estrangement have not weakened the ties of affection in her heart. Forgive her, sir! forgive her!"

Mr. Bently passed his hand slowly athwart his brow, as if a sudden pain had seized him there. His grandson regarded him attentively and sighed.

"If I have presumed too far upon my influence with you," he continued, "you must blame your own kindness for it. It would have made me so happy."

"Our parting shall not be clouded by unkindness," said the old man, solemnly; "I promise you as soon as I have recovered from the present blow to be reconciled to your mother."

"Bless you, grandfather, bless you!" exclaimed Richard Hoffman, throwing himself upon his knees, and kissing the hand of the old man. "You have removed the last weight from my mind, and I go now with a strong heart where duty calls me. I shall return, be sure I shall return, and bring my father's vindication with me."

"Heaven grant it."

"Your blessing—once more your blessing."

The merchant pronounced it, and the words were not the less heard on high, because affection caused them to falter on his tongue.

Richard felt that the scene was becoming too painful to be much further prolonged. With a strong effort he tore himself from the old man's embrace, and ran towards the boat, which had all the while been waiting for him.

"Alone!" murmured Mr. Bently, as he stood upon the beach, his hands drooping listlessly—"once more alone!"

Nelson, the great Newfoundland dog, who was seated by his side, looked up into his face, and whined piteously; then ran towards the shore, and barked at the receding boat.

Our hero waived his handkerchief; the animal mistook it for a signal, and, plunging into the surf, struck out vigorously after him.

"Even the brute creation love him," thought his master; "no wonder that he has bound himself around my heart."

It was not till the Perseverance had raised anchor and set sail that the old man returned to his hotel alone. For Nelson had succeeded in gaining the boat, and with his young master was on his way to India.

It was no easy task that Harry Morton had undertaken to convey the portrait of his friend to Rachel, and yet keep the hitherto well-guarded secret of his grandfather. To call upon her without first sending up his card, or the preliminary of an introduction, was out of the question; and yet there was little likelihood of encountering her in society, which she seldom entered.

In this dilemma he resolved to consult his mother; and he was right in doing so, for a woman's wit will frequently jump at the solution of a difficulty, whilst man's is laboriously arriving at it.

Mrs. Morton, who, from the interest she felt in our hero, had never lost sight of his mother, fortunately recollected that her house was in the same square as the residence of one of her most intimate friends, and that she had frequently seen Mrs. Hoffman and her daughter walking in the inclosure.

This was sufficient for her son, who resolved to watch till he encountered her. He had not long to wait.

Rachel and Mary were both surprised by the piercing gaze of a young man, who passed and repassed several times before the bench on which they were seated at work.

"How rude," said the mother, in an under tone.

Her daughter made no reply; perhaps she thought it more singular than rude.

At last the stranger bowed, and, coloring deeply, demanded if he had not the honor of addressing Mrs. Hoffman.

The answer was coldly in the affirmative.

"I fear," said the young man, "you deem my manner strange."

Mary, whose blue eyes were sparkling with fun and mischief, gravely inquired what he thought of them himself.

"Even more severely than you can judge them," replied Harry, with a bow. "And yet, if you knew the cause of my embarrassment," he added, "you would assist me instead of adding to it."

"But not knowing the cause," replied the young lady, demurely, "I wisely abstain from offering any opinion."

"I am the bearer of a message to your mother."

"To me," repeated Rachel, who began to feel that whatever the motive of the intrusion, impertinence had nothing to do with it.

"And a gift," added Harry, "which I am sure you will be happy to receive, since it came from one who must still be very dear to you."

The paleness which overspread the features of Mrs. Hoffman, excited the alarm of Mary, and she imperatively commanded the young man to leave them.

"No—no, it is past," sighed the sorrow-stricken woman, who already divined that she was about to hear some tidings of her lost son. "Pray, proceed. I am strong now, quite strong."

"You have not forgotten——"

"His forgiveness!" repeated Mr. Bently, impatiently.

"Respect the father, sir, in presence of the son. I have no right to judge him, or you to tamper with my duty."

"Reflect; all my wealth——"

"Could not weigh against my resolution half so heavily as your prayers, grandfather. If I can resist them, the rest is easy."

"Ingrate!" exclaimed the merchant, bitterly.

"Ingrate," repeated the young man, deeply moved. "Recall that word, sir; it could not come from your heart; it was pride that prompted it. Is it for your wealth that I have loved you? you

"I am a mother, sir!" exclaimed Rachel, in a tone which showed the words were wrung from her very heart. "Do not trifle with me. Is my boy dead?"

"On the contrary, he is living and in health," replied the messenger; "worthy the affection of all who know him."

"Then why this mystery? will it never end?"

"That I am unable to explain; but trust me, as far as Richard is concerned, he deplores it deeply. At school we were friends, I might almost add brothers, but fear"—here he glanced at Mary—"that you would deem me a boaster. A brief, very brief period, I trust, will restore him to you: meanwhile, he has intrusted me with this."

He placed in the trembling hands of the agitated woman the portrait of her son.

"Richard, dear Richard!" exclaimed his sister, bursting into tears, as she gazed over her mother's shoulder at the likeness. "He is not much changed—the features are more thoughtful, but there is still the same kind of expression."

Neither mother nor daughter observed, whilst they were indulging in their feelings, that the messenger was escaping. Mary was the first to perceive it, and she hastened after him—no longer the timid child, but resolute in a sister's love.

"You cannot have the heart," she said, placing her hand upon his arm, "to leave us in this painful uncertainty. You have a mother?"

"A dear, kind one," replied Harry Morton, greatly moved.

"And a sister?"

"Almost as beautiful as yourself."

"Then you will not refuse my prayer; return with me, impart all that you are permitted to tell. You would not break mamma's and my heart?"

As Richard's messenger had not the slightest desire of doing anything so cruel, he permitted himself to be led back to the seat where the fair pleader had left her mother overcome with emotions of grief and joy.

"Here he is, mamma," cried the excited girl.

Those who have watched the scene from a distance must have been puzzled to account for the sudden familiarity between Mrs. Hoffman and her daughter with a stranger, who remained seated between them more than an hour in deep and, to all appearance, interesting conversation.

When he rose to depart, poor Harry had only two secrets left to tell—his own name and that of the benevolent old gentleman whom he described as the protector of his schoolfellow.

He had even gone so far as to promise to meet them in the square again.

CHAPTER XLI.

INDIA.—ZAMORA.

What a task would it present to trace minutely the progress of civilization. Cradled in Central India, in that mysterious land where constant tradition has placed the terrestrial paradise, we should find it developing itself by slow degrees, and invading, century after century, each part of the globe. Slowly the giant infant extended its huge limbs; one of its earliest efforts was to constitute, in a remote corner of the world, China, with its hieroglyphics, artillery and printing, a rough outline of the wonders it would one day accomplish. Next it founded in the East the great empires of Assyria, Persia and Chaldea, with their wondrous cities, Babylon, Suez and Persepolis, the earliest capitals of the earth, which now scarcely deigns to retain their trace, but which, whilst the rest of mankind were plunged in darkness, shone in all the splendor of priestly civilization. The next great step was the colonization of the isles and borders of the sea, where to a population of husbandmen a race of fishermen and merchants succeeded, from whom sprung the Phœnicians, Phrygians and Tyrians, whose stately cities and vast commerce the sacred writings themselves bear witness to.

Asia founded at last on the limits of Africa; enigmatical Egypt, with its people of priests, merchants, husbandmen and sailors—a transition from sacerdotal empire to commercial republic, from Babylon to Carthage.

On Egypt repose the three successive civilizations of Asia, Africa and Europe: it is the keystone of the arch which connects the ancient with the modern world.

Egypt created Greece, which colonized the greater part of Italy, and fell not till its mission was accomplished, its arts and sciences transported to Rome—to that city so wondrously prepared to receive and propagate them.

Vainly did despotism, alarmed at the progress of mankind, attempt to crush the capital of the intellectual world, by removing the seat of empire to the shores of the Bosphorus. Byzantium became Stamboul, whilst Rome remained Rome. Civilization replaced the sword, and all was told. Like the gushing waters of some mighty river, the stream could not be rolled back to its source.

Many have asked why civilization in India, so vigorous in its infancy, should have remained unchanged, and, we fear, unchangeable, in the cradle of its birth. And yet the answer must be apparent to every reflecting mind. Man, in his pride, mistook the outline for the picture, and pronounced it perfect; superstition guarded it by caste, passion by licentiousness, and tyranny by slavery, ignorant that the true watchword of humanity is "*On, still on,*" that immovability is atrophy, and that mind and body perish alike for want of fitting nourishment.

Thus we perceive how the child, although it still remained a child, became the father of a man, weak at first, tottering as he advanced, now receding, now groping his way amid the darkness of error, till Christianity, pouring its arterial blood into his veins, invigorated his feeble system. Thus cartilage became bone, flesh changed to muscle, and nerves hardened into steel, yet still retained their sensitiveness.

On. There is no mistaking the word, for Deity itself pronounced it when it placed the first parents of man in a probationary state, and we doubt not but a time will come when this present age, with its wondrous discoveries—steam, gas, electricity—science that can measure the universe, describe the pathway of the stars, the comet's orbit, and rend the living rock to read upon its page those secrets of an earlier world which Nature's hand has traced, will be regarded as the mere dawn of intellect and progress.

Such were the reflections, though somewhat less connected, perhaps, which floated through the brain of Richard Hoffman, or, rather, Richard Tyrrel, as we must henceforth call him, as the Perseverance, under the care of native pilots, advanced slowly up the Hooghly, on whose left bank stands Calcutta, the metropolis of British India.

Although the windings of the river, which is well wooded on either side, conceal the City of Palaces from the impatient traveler's sight till the ship has arrived within something less than a mile of anchorage, our hero and a young officer with whom, during the voyage, he had contracted an intimacy which had gone far to ripen into friendship, had stationed themselves, from the first dawn of day, at the bows of the vessel, eager to catch the first glimpse of the tall spires and stately dome of the government house—landmarks which views and descriptions had already made familiar to them.

"There it is!" suddenly exclaimed Fred Wharton, pointing at the same time to the dome as it rose majestically to their gaze. "It can't be more than a mile from us."

"Above three miles," observed an old East Indian, one of their fellow passengers, who happened to be standing near them. "It is the clearness of the atmosphere which deceives you. Between the shore and the city lies the Maidoun, the Hyde Park of Calcutta."

Having given them this piece of information, the speaker walked away. He had little sympathy either with their curiosity or expectations. He was returning to the scenes of the labor of half a life to finish his official career, the young men were only on the threshold of theirs.

"Do you not long, Tyrrel," demanded the officer, "once more to tread on land?"

"Intensely," replied Richard; "and yet I shall not part with the good ship Perseverance *without a feeling of regret. During our long voyage* I have brought myself to regard her almost as a living thing. In the tempest we experienced in the tropics, when I heard her timbers creak, her cordage strain like the nerves of a strong man in agony—saw the heavily laden hull half buried in the wrinkle's on old ocean's breast, then gallantly rise again upon the crest of some huge mountain-wave, toiling and winning her way, I felt as for a friend that suffered; and now that I am about to quit her," he added, "part from her as from one who has rendered me good service, I can understand why sailors love their ship."

"You will soon forget the poetry of existence at sea," said his companion, with a smile, "in the hot chase of fortune."

"Fortune is not the only motive of my visit to India," replied our hero.

Here he suddenly checked himself, as he caught the eye of Lieutenant Marsh—who, during the voyage, passed as a mere acquaintance—fixed with a warning glance upon him.

"Your temperament," resumed the speaker, "is far more dreamy and imaginative than mine. I have marked you for hours pacing the deck at night, muttering strange words, as if disputing with some invisible antagonist, or gazing on the stars to interrogate them on the soldier's future career. May I not retort, and ask how far such dreaminess is compatible with the exertions necessary to rise in your profession? to achieve rank and fortune?"

"I must answer you in your own words," exclaimed his friend, not altogether pleased, perhaps, that his actions and disposition had been so closely observed.

"*Rank and fame are not the only motives of my visit to India.*"

There was a pause in the conversation. Each felt that the other had a secret locked in his own breast.

With our hero's motives the readers are already sufficiently acquainted; what Wharton's were they probably can guess.

The part of the vessel where the speakers were standing suddenly became crowded.

"By your leave, gentlemen," said the second mate, who, with a portion of the crew, began to make preparations for dropping anchor.

A dozen brawny arms were extended, tugging and straining to the accompaniment of a cheerful "Heave, ye ho!" followed by a splash and the rapid running out of the cable, which had been coiled, like a huge serpent, on the deck. The bower anchor was dropped—the voyage at an end.

It is inconceivable in how short a space of time the ship was surrounded by boats filled with natives, some clamoring for employment, others offering baskets made of palm leaves and filled with fruits—the focus religiosa, the pepul, another species of fig, pine-apples, melons, egg-plums, the cooling mangoe dried in the sun while yet green, and the dalim, or pomegranate, so frequently celebrated in the love poetry of the East.

The captain of the Perseverance was too old a seaman to permit any of these petty traders—proverbially the greatest thieves in India—to set foot on board his ship. The barter was carried on briskly by means of cords let down from the sides, to which the natives attached their baskets, when they were drawn up again, the sailors throwing them empty soda-water bottles—articles much prized—and the passengers money, in exchange.

In the midst of the confusion, screaming, quar-

reling and exclamation inseparable from such a mode of transacting business, a boat with a European in the stern put forth from the bank, and rowed rapidly along side. The gentleman, stepping upon deck, shook hands with the commander.

"Why, it is scarcely a month," he exclaimed, "since we received our letters by the Overland Mail. Ten days, at least, before we expected you—short passage. Glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Sanford," replied the captain.

Although he had schooled himself for the meeting, Richard started at the name. Fortunately his emotion was unnoticed by all but the lieutenant, and he began to observe him attentively.

The managing clerk of the house of Chutnee and Company appeared to be thirty-eight, or at the most forty years of age, and was rather good-looking than otherwise; an advantage, judging from his dress, he seemed perfectly aware of, for his costume would not have disgraced Bond-street or the Park. Light gray trousers, evidently of European cut, fitted faultlessly over a well-made boot; even the fastidious Brummell might have worn the morning frock-coat—black, of course—which incased his wiry but not inelegant figure; whilst the waistcoat and gloves were of the same color as his nether garment.

So much for the outward man, whose real portrait we find somewhat more difficult to sketch in a manner not to convey an exaggerated likeness to our readers.

Mr. Sanford's features, though regular, lacked both the refinement and harmony which constitute the type of gentlemen; and yet few would have ventured to pronounce him vulgar: sensual, perhaps, and something of a *bon vivant*. The true expression of his countenance was exceedingly difficult to catch, being so seldom in repose: an eternal smile upon the lips, and the eyes—blue, and small—restless as those of a newly-caged bird—at one instant flashing carelessly, the next contracting the pupils, and concentrating their light into a glance piercing as it would read you through.

As one of the letters he had alluded to concerned our hero intimately, we shall take the opportunity of giving an extract from it, for the benefit of our readers.

It was written by the head of the great Indian firm of Curry and Sons, to their correspondents in Calcutta, Chutnee and Company, to whom the good ship, the Perseverance, had been consigned.

After a detailed account of balances, commissions, consignments of indigo, and acceptances followed by columns of figures perfectly unintelligible to any but City men, the writer proceeded thus:—

"I invoice you by the same ship,"—the word "invoice," had been struck out and "send" substituted—"my ward, Richard Tyrrel, a youth in whose welfare I take great interest. The introduction may ultimately prove advantageous to you, seeing that he will one day become the possessor of an immense fortune, and has a decided inclination for commercial affairs. You will oblige me by paying him every attention, giving him a desk in your counting-house, and initiating him into business habits; also by honoring his drafts upon me, according to this, my letter of advice, to the amount of two thousand pounds per annum, Not that I, by any means, limit his credit to the above-mentioned sum: you need not, therefore, be alarmed if, at any time, he should wish to exceed it."

Mr. Herbert Chutnee read the letter of his valued correspondent twice, and carefully examined the signature. There was something exceedingly unusual in a clerk being sent out from England possessed of such extensive private resources, and for several minutes he felt both surprised and annoyed.

"Must ask him to my house," he muttered: "can't do less. And yet——"

As British merchants in India are, generally speaking, exceedingly hospitable, it may be as well to explain at once the cause of the speaker's hesitation.

Herbert Chutnee, although in the sixtieth year of his age, had lately married a young and beautiful girl not yet out of her teens—the daughter of English parents, who, dying, had left her without fortune. Like most husbands between whom and their wives so great a disparity of age exists, the old gentleman was not only passionately fond of his bride, but inordinately jealous of her.

One word, however, in his correspondent's letter somewhat reassured him; it spoke of his ward as a youth; and he ultimately gave orders to prepare an apartment against his arrival, directed his managing clerk to proceed on board as soon as the Perseverance should arrive, and bring the boy on shore.

"By-the-by, said Mr. Sanford, as soon as the first congratulations with the captain were over, "you brought out a lad for us."

"A what?" demanded the commander of the Perseverance, glancing at our hero.

"A boy named Tyrrell, whom old Curry has consigned to us."

It was a pity the speaker did not notice the quiet smile which curled the lips of the party designated.

"There is *Mr. Tyrrel*," said the captain, with a marked emphasis on the word "Mr." "I shall be happy to introduce you to him."

The two gentlemen advanced towards the bows of the vessel, where Richard and Fred Wharton were still standing together, and the ceremony of introduction was gone through.

"Not such a boy, after all," thought Sanford, as he shook the hand extended to him with a certain amount of cordiality; for he too had read the letter from the head of the great London firm, and indulged, probably, in more than one speculation as to the way the ward of the writer would spend his income—a task in which he had not the slightest objection to assist him.

The hero of our tale at the period of his arrival in India, although only eighteen, was tall, exceedingly well made, and gave promise in his finely-rounded limbs and breadth of chest, of great future strength. His features, as might be expected from his age, were still boyish, but regular and Antinous-like, in a certain seriousness of expression, unless when he smiled, or anger or indignation excited them, on which occasions few faces could be more pleasing and animated.

Mr. Sanford rather inclined to like his new acquaintance than otherwise. One thing, however, puzzled him—the decided resemblance to some one he had seen before. Fortunately, he could not recollect to whom.

Richard was like his father.

"You must allow me," said the managing clerk, in his off-handed, careless manner, "to drive you to the governor's. I mean old Chutnee's, your guardian's correspondent," he added, seeing that our hero did not quite understand him. "Hooker will see to your traps, and send them after us."

"With pleasure," replied the captain, turning to give the order to one of the mates to see to them.

The young traveler's adieus to Fred Wharton and the rest of his fellow-passengers were speedily made. He had previously taken a private one of the lieutenant. With a trusting heart in the success of his enterprise, he stepped into the boat, and in a few minutes set foot on shore.

A tilbury with a spirited horse, whose small head, distended nostrils eagerly sniffing the perfumed air, and delicate limbs, proclaimed its Arab blood, were waiting on the bank. So impatient had the animal become, that the syce, or native groom, could scarcely hold him in.

"Jump up!" exclaimed the owner of the vehicle.

In an instant our hero was seated, and the speaker by his side.

"That will do," said Mr. Sanford to the Hindoo boy; "let go his rein."

Off they started, at a rattling pace, the syce following leisurely on foot.

The morning was a most lovely one, and mild, as it invariably is in November, after the four months' rains, when the thermometer rarely exceeds 70°.

Despite the busy thoughts which crowded on his brain—the heart-engrossing filial motives that brought him from England to India's land of dreams—the young adventurer enjoyed the drive, which extended to a considerable distance along the banks of the Hooghly, exceedingly. It was another world to him, with an unknown vegetation waving in fairy-like beauty, spangling earth's carpet with a thousand flowers, above whose perfumed heads the various species of palms rose in regal grace. Nothing can exceed the wondrous contrast of foliage, whose darker shades are relieved by the bright leaves of the neem and the pepul. The magnolia and the babool are both common in the neighborhood of Calcutta: the golden-colored buds of the latter scent the air for miles around.

The river was now left for the Maidoun—the plain lying between the stream and the city. Here the driver drew rein, to enable his companion to contemplate for an instant the receding banks, breaking occasionally into lofty promontories, clothed to the summit with trees, now sinking into graceful undulations.

"Beautiful!" murmured our hero.

"I dare say it is," exclaimed Mr. Sandford, "but I have seen it so frequently that I scarcely notice it now. The charms of a landscape we are familiar with are something like those of a wife."

"I do not understand you," said Richard.

"We cease to appreciate them," added the former, dryly.

"Coarse," thought the youth.

"He is a boy, after all," mentally ejaculated the managing clerk, who had fully expected that a hearty laugh would reward what he considered the wit of his observation.

"The horse you drive is an Arabian, is it not?" demanded the traveler.

"Right."

"How fleet and graceful!"

"Something like the women of the country, very showy."

"Our racers, I suppose, would stand but little chance in India," observed Richard, who did not choose to notice his last remark.

"There you are wrong," replied his companion, at the same time giving the animal the rein. "The superiority of the English thorough-bred is so well understood that we do not allow them to be entered on any of our race courses. They'd beat everything," he added, "that ran against them. You seem fond of horses."

"Very."

"Are you a judge?"

"Only of what pleases me."

"I am," continued Mr. Sanford; "*can't do me. Many have tried it on, but found it no go. Of course you will keep horses. With your means it would be ridiculous to hire a palanquin, or drive about in a buggy*,—all very well for junior clerks or green griffs."

"*May I ask what are griffs?*" inquired our hero.

"It's the name we give to the cadets when they first come out," answered his new acquaintance, "who in return revenge themselves by calling us civilians Pekins. I shall be most happy," he continued, "to render you any service in my power—introduce you to a capital set of fellows; but you must keep your weather-eye open."

"Must I?"

"Some of them play high."

"I never play," observed the youth.

"Then in the purchase of horses," resumed the elder, and, as he doubtless considered himself, far the most knowing speaker of the two, "can't be too careful. Nothing is so deceptive as a horse. Men whose bills upon 'Change are good for a million of rupees, think nothing of jockeying their own brother in the sale of one. Take my advice," he added, "never buy a horse of a friend, or purchase a horse without the advice of one."

"Provided he is a judge," observed his companion, greatly amused.

"That of course."

"And happens to be *a little more honest than the vendor*."

"Hem! Yes, certainly."

By the time the two gentlemen drew up at the residence of the merchant, directly opposite the Sudder Dewanee Adawlut, or supreme court of justice, Mr. Sanford began to doubt whether the greenhorn was really so very green as he had taken him to be.

Mr. Chutnee did not feel quite so satisfied when he beheld his expected visitor. He secretly wondered what his old friend and highly-valued correspondent, Curry, meant by designating him as a youth. He considered him a man in person, if not in years, and began to regret the hospitality he had proffered. To do him justice, however, he received him cordially, and directed the *kahnsumah*, or butler, to conduct him to his apartment, where the bath was already prepared.

It was not till "tiffin," or luncheon, that our hero was introduced to the lady of the mansion, who, as is usual in India, had not made her appearance at the breakfast-table. Instead of the middle-aged, matronly person, which, judging from the husband, he naturally expected to see, he beheld a beautiful girl reclining on a sofa near an open verandah. A Hindoo child, seated on a cushion at her feet, was busily engaged in arranging flowers, on which, from time to time, her mistress deigned to cast a languid look; while an ayah, in the picturesque costume of her country, stood at a short distance waving a fan of feathers, with a slow, graceful movement, above her head.

"Zamora," said Mr. Chutnee, "I have brought our expected guest to introduce to you."

His wife, without moving from her position, quietly extended her hand to him, and in a low, musical voice, bade him welcome to India.

Never had so much loveliness met the gaze of Richard Tyrrel; a loveliness that was hightened by the simple muslin dress without ornament of any kind, unless the single crimson bud where the folds crossed over the bosom could be considered one. We are of opinion that it might, for it contrasted both artistically and coquettishly with the pearly whiteness of her skin.

The face of the youthful bride—she had been married only three months—presented that perfect oval Raphael loved to paint—a type of beauty rarely seen out of Italy. The expression of its features in repose appeared somewhat cold. Few would have suspected, from the lady's habit of keeping her eyes half closed, the world of passion and sensibility veiled beneath their soft and drooping lids, or read in her delicately but deeply chiseled lips, the energy and devotedness slumbering in her heart, and dreaming as it slept,—feelings which a word, a look, might one day waken.

When animated, the countenance of Zamora resembled the landscape of her own sunny clime, so full of light and life, rich contrasts, laughing eyes, and jet-like hair, falling in massive curls down her pale cheek, not pale with the hue of sickness, but that pure, healthy, intellectual paleness poets and painters worship.

What the expression of her face might be in sorrow none could tell. Her tears had hitherto been so quickly chased by smiles, that, like the morning dew, they added fresh perfume and beauty to the flower on which they fell.

One gift—and there are few of our male readers who have not felt its spell—the lady possessed to perfection.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."
SHAKSPEARE.

Soft as the song bird's note wooing its coy mate, or the murmuring wood dove's to her callow young.

"And what think you of India?" she demanded.

"I have scarcely had time to analyze my impressions yet," replied the young man; "everything is so new and strange to me."

"There you are right!" exclaimed the lady, laughingly. "But why seek to analyze them? All pleasurable emotions are as evanescent as these poor flowers. Pick them to pieces, and the spell is gone."

"The perfume of the flower lasts but for an hour," observed Richard, modestly.

"Well?"

The eyes of the fair speaker for the first time were directed towards him, pouring a flood of light that set his young imagination wandering.

"I could wish my pleasures to leave something for the heart to dwell upon."

A low, musical laugh, joyous as that of a spoilt child, broke from the lips of the fair Zamora, and yet there was nothing mocking in its tone.

"Hearts!" she repeated. "What do men know about hearts?—selfish things!"

"Not all, I trust."

"All!" repeated his hostess, emphatically.

Here the merchant interrupted the conversation by observing that Mr. Tyrrel had letters to present, amongst others one to his Excellency the Governor-General, and hinted that it was time to take his leave. Probably the husband of sixty did not admire the dissertation upon hearts.

"Letters!" said his wife, waving her little hand impatiently. "Yes, I understand—bits of paper by which Noodle One recommends some unfortunate victim to the kind offices of Noodle Two. But I am glad you have an introduction to the Governor," she continued, addressing herself to our hero. "Send it."

"Will that be respectful?"

"Quite; and what is better, convenient. I know the entire routine—the etiquette—of such affairs. You will receive in return an invitation to a stupid dinner and a pleasant ball. By-the-by, there will be one on the tenth. I shall be delighted to introduce you to the beauties of Calcutta."

"I thought," said Mr. Chutnee, "you had decided on not going."

"Had I?" demanded Zamora, listlessly.

"Positively."

"I have changed my mind, then," replied the spoilt beauty, in the tone of one who felt her will to be law. "Besides, Lady Bell Fourreau tells me that it will be the most splendid one of the season."

"I thought you disliked splendor?"

"So I do," replied his wife, looking round the room; "*it costs* so much."

The gentleman bit his lip in silence.

At this moment a servant entered the room to inform his master of the arrival of visitors.

Sir Charles Fourrean, the commander of the 01st, Lieutenant Dawlish, and several gentlemen were below.

"I suppose I must see them."

"Of course you must," replied Zamora; "probably Sir Charles brings me a message from Lady Bell or dear Lillian."

These were names perfectly unknown to our hero.

"Go," added the fair speaker; then, fearing that she had pained her husband, whose greatest fault was in having loved her, not wisely but too well, she playfully added, "and take Mr. Tyrrel with you."

The countenance of Mr. Chutnee cleared instantly.

"The opportunity is too valuable to be lost of introducing him to Sir Charles," said the mistress of the mansion. "You will like him, you must like him; he is such a fine, soldierly-like fellow; no wonder his wife chose him in preference to the crowd of beaux who pestered her with their admiration."

Her husband thought she had never spoken so sensibly, or looked more lovely, since the day that made her his.

"And Dawlish?" said Richard, who felt amused and interested at the graphic style in which his fair hostess hit off the character of her friends.

"Oh, I have no opinion to give of him," replied the lady, laughingly. "Chutnee does not like him; but, understand me, his feeling respecting him is not to be taken for an indication of mine. The women all think him handsome."

The merchant bit his lips.

"And is he?"

"Very handsome," answered Zamora; "and so is my little pet Tiny. Are you not?" she added, in a playful tone.

This was addressed to an Italian grayhound, reposing on a cushion in the verandah. On hearing its name, the graceful animal sprang upon the couch of its fair mistress, and expressed its joy, barking and caressing her.

"There, that will do; down, Tiny, down!"

Our hero once more touched the delicate, child-like hand extended to him, and followed his host to the saloon, where Sir Charles and the visitors were waiting for them. From his wealth and high position in the commercial world, Mr. Chutnee was very much respected, and received in the best society of Calcutta, although only a Pekin.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ONLY PROGRESSIVE ANIMAL.—Man is the only animal that is capable of progressive and constant improvement. All other animals derive from the Creator a certain portion of instinct and limited measure of intelligence, sufficient to secure their preservation, and to supply them with such comforts as are suited to their condition; but beyond this have been never known to advance.

THERE'S THE RUB.—"Plain-faced girls should dress plainly," remarks Miss Leslie. Was there ever a young lady who was willing to admit that she had a plain face?

A WEARY WHILE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

It has been a weary while, mother,
Since you bade us all farewell—
Since you left your weeping children
In this selfish world to dwell;
To wander on without you through
This cruel world and drear—
How could you leave them here alone,
Oh! mother—mother, dear.

They are struggling thro' the world, mother;
They are scattered wide and far;
I cannot tell, I know not now,
Where all thy children are;
But many a thousand mile, mother,
And many a year of pain,
Stretch cold between the parted hearts
That ne'er may meet again.

THE FOREST BEAUTY.

A WILD TALE OF ARKANSAS.

Some dozen miles from Huntsville in the north-western section of Arkansas, there may be seen a low-lying narrow glen, shut in by soaring and precipitous mountains, which appear to isolate it from the remainder of the world. At the base of these beetling and titanian cliffs, on one side, flows the crystalline current of the White River, leaving on the other hand, a slender ribbon of rich, alluvial bottom, not more than forty yards in breadth, but of considerable length. Although the site is not destitute of wild and picturesque beauty, such as might charm the fancy of a poet or painter, yet so uninviting does its aspect seem to the mere utilitarian, that it was the very last place selected for settlement in the country. But the cunning hand of art can make the desert blossom as the rose. The application of a sufficient amount of labor can grind into powder the naked granite, and hang fruitful gardens on the stony slopes of the Alps and Andes; and at the period of which I am about to speak, this ungenial spot, where the sun only showed his face during six or seven hours of the day, had been converted into one of those delightful little homes that please the romantic imagination more than any magnificence of mighty fields or palaces of marble. It lay gleaming like some precious jewel, inclosed among the rocky hills—a smiling *oasis*, covered all over with the golden grains of leaves, and gay with flowers of every hue, while the small, snow-white cottage, standing on the verge of the pellucid stream, and wreathed with emerald festoons of wild vine, looked like a pavilion fitted up for spirits of the blest. And all this change, as if the work of magic, had been effected by the toil and perseverance of one man, within the brief term of two years, and what was still more to his credit, pending the short intervals of another and highly arduous occupation.

Henry Milton emigrated to the county in the autumn of 1838, with a wife and only child; and being too poor to purchase any more favorable location, and all the choice valleys having been previously monopolized by others, he was even forced to content himself with this. The prospect for subsistence in a decent manner, or indeed for the bare means of keeping soul and body together, appeared gloomy in the extreme. Had he possessed the disposition or suitable qualities for the chase, his chances might have been better. But he had no touch of the backwoods-hunter in his nature. His form was slender, and seemingly delicate as that of a woman, and his comely, yet feminine, features wore that pale, transparent tint, which commonly indicates in youth, devotion to retirement and studious thought. In fact, he had come weaponless to the frontier, and it might be well doubted whether he knew how to load or discharge a gun. All his visible wealth consisted of a very few books, the peerless classics of literature and science, and these absorbed his every leisure hour. However, the indigent student inherited from nature something more invaluable than any material wealth—a brave heart, that adverse circumstances could no more move from its purpose, than the wing of the wintry storm can sweep the polar star from its place; and deprived of all other resources, he only leaned with firmer confidence on that. He engaged to teach school in a large neighborhood, some couple of miles below on the river, and applied his mornings, evenings, and Saturdays to the improvement and cultivation of his little farm; while half the night, with every Sunday, was dedicated to the difficult task of self-instruction in the mazy learning of the law. For he was not lacking in lofty ambition, and had, doubtless, heard that many of the great masters of jurisprudence in the south-western states, orators of the most extensive fame, and judges of the highest tribunals, had commenced their career as the tutors of children in the country.

He was not, however, altogether unaided in the attempt to perfect himself in the tangled principles and dry details of legal lore; and he owed the extraneous assistance which he received, to a singular cause. His wife, Mary, was a woman of the most extraordinary charms—one of those rare, wild flowers of feminine grace, such as sometimes appear in the depth of leafy forests, like beings from a brighter world, to astonish the coarse sons of toil, with the matchless lustre of a loveliness, that never even dawned before in the weird horizon of dreams—or if such come occasionally, from the rural districts into the streets of gazing capitals, they bewitch and bewilder whole cities with the light of their unimaginable beauty, which seems to illuminate the very air around them, and renders the dull earth more radiant, yet still unfit for the touch of creatures so ethereal, who ought to live forever, like the sylph, in sunbeams. But all words are idle; and often as my eyes have surveyed in stealthy silence the form and features of the charmer, and deeply as her image lives engraved on the eternal tablets of memory, I relinquish in utter despair the attempt to limn her likeness in the cold phrases of written speech. Her picture should be painted only with a pencil woven of rays from the moon and the morning star, and then the artist should be an angel!

But the renown of her wondrous beauty could not be confined within the rocky walls of the mountain glen, or the paltry limits of the adjacent settlements. It traveled on the wings of exaggerating rumor over all the surrounding counties, and beyond the Arkansas river, till at last it was whispered in the remotest parts of the State. And although the humble dwelling of the schoolmaster was not situated on the main thoroughfare, running through that section of the Ozark country, and could be reached only by a circuitous path, hundreds of persons, attracted by curiosity, diverged from their way, in order to get a glimpse of the paragon that haunted the "Fairy's dell," as the place was destined to be called, thenceforth forever. Among those who, from the motive abovementioned, always took this route was the judge, with the attendant lawyers of the district, passing regularly twice in each year; and thus began an intimacy, from which the poor student derived much advantage in his course of legal self-tuition, and his new friends had no reason to be dissatisfied with the results of their gratuitous instruction, since their disciple progressed with such ease and rapidity as, within eighteen months, to outstrip his masters, when he obtained a license, and prepared to attend the courts.

The celebrity for incomparable charms, which the lovely Mary had so involuntarily acquired, to an ordinary woman would have been extremely dangerous; but the fact did not seem to be fraught with any perils to her, for the child-like innocence and simplicity of her heart surpassed, if possible, the graces of her person. It is true, indeed, and how could it be otherwise, she knew that she was beautiful, like a star; she had been told so, ten thousand times, by the old, and by the young of both sexes, and from the earliest dawn of her infant recollection; but the consciousness did not elate her with emotions of pride, or depress her thoughts with vain fears for the future. Nor was she actually sensible of the marvelous effects produced by her charms in the bosom of others. As her own soul had never yet felt the fires of sinful passion, she forgot that the burning light of her dark eyes might, nevertheless, by chance, kindle a consuming flame, where it might be least intended. And so she was kind, and courteous to all, and smiled sweetly on every beholder without distinction. Like some radiant planet that leaves its millionary images dispersed throughout the air to gladden all eyes alike, and that reproduces its silver disk in the shining waters over half the world at once, so the beams of her singular beauty wrought an unfading picture of herself, in every memory and imagination, where they fell.

I have said that she was friendly and gentle to all; but the expression requires the limitation of one single exception. Among the lawyers, who stopped with the district judge periodically at the "Fairy's dell," was a young man, named Hillman. He was the descendant of a wealthy family in South Carolina, whence, report said, he had fled, for being concerned in some unfair duel. I am unable to state whether or not the rumor had any foundation in truth. One thing, however, is certain, that if he had ever been guilty of the dishonorable conduct attributed to him, he had wiped away the stain, at least in the opinion of his present companions, by displaying the utmost bravery in several hostile meetings since his residence in Arkansas. He was very tall and powerful, with handsome features, a dark complexion, and eyes wild and black as midnight. In the possession of an ample fortune, he traveled the circuit as an attorney, with the sole view of an *amateur*, to enjoy the excitement and gay revelry which usually prevail in the evenings after the adjournments of court in that country, and are frequently varied by desperate rencounters in the morning. The presence of this individual the "Fairy" of the dell could never endure. She shuddered, with a strange and unaccountable feeling of awe whenever he crossed the threshold. She could never teach either her eyes or lips to smile on him, and never spoke to him at all, unless he addressed her directly; and then her answer was not given in that music-murmuring voice, which flowed spontaneously when she conversed with others, in tones that sounded as if she were going to sing. On the contrary, for him her tongue faltered, and her words were few and icy. Even her husband noticed this inexplicable conduct, and often rallied her as to the unwonted discourtesy. What could be the reason of this extraordinary dislike? Did it originate in one of those instinctive natural antipathies which occasionally exist between strangers when brought together, as if each was surrounded by a subtle, invisible atmosphere, that repelled them from each other? Is there such a thing as hate as well as love? Or was the dread, in this case, caused by an unseen shadow from the wing of her guardian angel, flung upon the depths of her spirit as a warning of the evil to come? Alas! how many such admonitions do short-sighted individuals receive in vain!

At length the time came for Henry Milton to take his first round on the circuit. In the spring of 1840 he accompanied the judge, and other attorneys, to the court-house at Carrollton, a day's journey from the glen. Here, in a celebrated case of murder, he made a *debut*, so remarkable for profound learning and impassioned eloquence, attended with complete success for his client, that he took his stand immediately, beyond the reach of competition, at the head of the bar. His fame was in everybody's mouth, fees rained into his hitherto empty pocket, and he cleared several thousand dollars during the session. His triumphs increased at every seat of justice, until the poor student, that left home without money sufficient to pay his tavern bills, returned comparatively independent. He returned alone. His impatience could not wait for the slow progress of the judge and his comrades. He spurred his horse to a sweeping trot, then to a canter, and finally to a gallop, faster and faster. He ran, he flew, to bear the glorious news to the beautiful Mary and their darling boy; and the last rays of the setting sun showed to his delighted vision the snow-white cottage and emerald verdure of the "Fairy's dell."

But at the instant a strange revulsion of feeling came over him. An ominous silence, a weird look of loneliness and desolation, seemed to reign about the place. No blue-wreathed smoke curled up in eddying festoons above the chimney. No "honest watch-dog's bark bayed deep-mouthed welcome," as he drew near home. The grim genius of solitude held undisturbed possession of the scene. He threw himself out of the saddle, and rushed like one demented to the door. It was shut. He knocked, but there was no response. He burst it open, and a single glance, like the lurid lightnings flash through midnight gloom, revealed a fact too horrible, at first, for belief. His wife was gone! Her clothing had been taken away—not a single suit, but all, every article of wearing apparel, worth preserving. What could it mean?

It must be a robbery, and perhaps attended with murder! He turned white as a ghost at the thought. But no—that could not be; there were no stains of blood upon the floor. And besides, a thief could scarcely be supposed to commit such a crime for a few pieces of female attire.

Then, she might have escaped during the burglary; she might now be concealed in the neighboring thickets; she might even, perhaps, have heard the distant clatter of his horse's feet, and the appearance of things might have been arranged in a sportive freak, merely to frighten him! Thus did his soul, drowning in a sea of measureless despair, catch at every straw of hope; but all proved lighter than the thistle's down, riding on the giddy gyrations of the whirlwind.

He ran out of the cabin, and shouted in trumpet-tones, "Mary! dear Mary!" There was no human answer. Only mocking echo, like the wail of some lost spirit, from all the cliffs and caverns of the mountain, replied, "Mary! Mary! Mary!" in accents growing fainter every second, till the viewless soul of sound died away in a whispering murmur, and all was still.

Then, he thought of his child, and exclaimed, "Harry! my son! my darling, where are you?"

As before, the invisible nymphs of the glen replied, "Where? where?" but amidst their hollow reverberations, a young and mournful voice also

responded, "Here! father, here!" And a lovely boy, some five years of age, emerged from a cluster of bushes on the bank of the river, and flew to the embraces of the lawyer.

"Where is your mother?" inquired the latter, eagerly.

"Gone!" said the child, in a sad tone, and his tears began to flow.

"Gone where?" asked the father, with a bewildered look.

"Away yonder!" and the child pointed with his finger towards the south, adding in a heart-broken voice, "and she will never come back any more!"

"How do you know that?" ejaculated the parent, lost in astonishment.

"I heard them say so last night," answered the boy.

"Them! Whom do you mean?"

"My mother and the dark-faced lawyer, that she used to hate so much; but she likes him better now," said the child.

The father shook as if an earthquake were reeling beneath his unstable feet, and across his face flitted the shadow of unutterable thoughts—the smoke-clouds from the *Hades* of internal agony. At length he mustered resolution to inquire, "How long was the lawyer here?"

"Two days; and they went off together this morning," replied the boy.

"Alas! then it is true, and I am a disgraced and ruined man," said the wretched husband to himself, as he remembered suddenly that Hillman had disappeared from the court-house the previous week, and that no one could account for his unexpected absence.

"What did they tell you to do when they left?" asked the father.

"They did not see me," replied the child; "because I heard them say how they were going to take me with them, and I did not want to leave you; so I ran away and hid in the cane till they were gone."

"Ah! He wished to steal my son, also!" exclaimed Henry Milton, and his features writhed convulsively, with a terrible look of revenge, such as never sat on that countenance before, and he griped the palm of his right hand with his fingers closed, until every nail brought blood. The demon had entered his soul.

Then instantly he leaped into the saddle, and lifting little Harry up behind him, galloped down the road to the house of a neighbor, who lived two miles distant. There he purchased a light carriage and a span of powerful horses, and the father, with his son, drove away with the rapidity of the wind. At Huntsville the infuriate husband obtained information concerning the guilty fugitives. They had stopped there for breakfast, and had taken the main highway towards the Arkansas river. At this place, also, he supplied himself with a pair of revolvers, and a long, double-edged dagger, and started again on the terrible chase. Onward they flew, away through the dim night, over hills, where it was hardly safe to drive carriages in broad daylight, through deep valleys and dangerous defiles, and among dark forests, where the wind moaned like a fiend in torture. Still onward—away, they hurried; the fire flashed from the flint rocks beneath the iron-shod hoofs of their horses, and scattered in showers of sparks from the rolling wagon-wheels, until dawn, when they came in sight of Fayetteville, that village, crowning the summit of a mountain, celebrated in those days for the number of its bloody murders. Here, the steepness of the way, and the jaded condition of their panting steeds, obliged them to proceed with greater circumspection, and the sun had arisen before they entered the public square.

At the moment, Henry Milton perceived the fugitives mounting their horses in front of the tavern door, in the very act of starting. They also saw him, and commenced a hasty flight. He cried aloud in a voice of thunder, "Halt, coward, and face the man that you have injured!"

They heeded him not, but fled only the faster. He discharged his pistol after them without effect, and then endeavored to follow on, with the same headlong celerity. But the overlabored animals could proceed no farther, and one of them dropped down, dying in the harness. Immediately he procured others, and continued the pursuit until twilight in the evening, when he reached Van Buren, on the Arkansas river. He was once more too late. The wicked couple had just embarked on a steamboat bound for New Orleans. Another was getting up steam for the same destination. The father and child went on board, and soon went sweeping down the current, with a velocity almost corresponding to the impatience of the unhappy husband. The next morning they overtook the vessel which had preceded them, and Milton entreated the captain to put him on the deck of the other. His request was not granted. They were rival steamers, and raced, with varying success, all the way to the Crescent City, the port of which they reached at the same time. The lawyer committed his son to the care of a passenger whose acquaintance he had made during the voyage, and leaped upon the shore, and in a few seconds stood face to face with his mortal enemy, who was leaving the other boat alone, in search of a private boarding-house, for the accommodation of himself and his ruined victim, the latter remaining in her state-room to await his return.

Henry Milton instantly presented a pistol to his foe's bosom, exclaiming, in terrible tones, "Draw, villain, and defend yourself!"

Hillman turned pale as a corpse, and cried out, "I will not fight you. I call upon the police for protection!"

The bystanders gathered around, and several inquired at once of the enraged husband, "What is the matter? What has he done?"

"He has robbed me of the wife of my heart! He has carried away the mother of my child!" was the immediate answer.

"Then shoot him down like a wolf!" shouted a dozen excited and indignant voices.

"Will you draw?" asked Milton, advancing within three feet of his adversary.

"No," replied the trembling wretch; "I demand the interference of the peace-officers." But if any such were present, they did not make themselves known.

"Perhaps that will make you fight!" said Milton, and he struck the other in the face with his left hand.

Then, quick as a flash of lightning, Hillman pulled a pistol from his pocket, and snapped it against his enemy's forehead. The percussion cap burst without igniting the powder, and the instant afterwards the revolver of Milton roared, and the spoiler fell dead at his feet. The ball passed through his heart.

At the moment a shriek broke on the air from the upper deck of the adjacent steamer, so wild, so wailing, so unearthly in its tone of agony, that none who heard it will ever forget the awful sound until their dying day, and the fallen angel, the beautiful, the once innocent, but now abaned Mary, precipitated herself head foremost into the river. Every effort was made to rescue her, without effect; preferring thus to perish by frantic suicide, than to linger on through long years of torture, goaded by the scorpion stings of a guilty conscience, or to sink still deeper in the black-mantled pool of sin and shame.

"But by what means," it will be asked, "did the man, at whose bare presence she shuddered at their first acquaintance, succeed in gaining her confidence and in winning her wicked love?"

If this were a romance, instead of being a narrative of facts which actually occurred, the problem would be of easy solution. As the case stands, I have no means of explaining the strange secret. It must remain in darkness among the million mysteries, far more numerous than the sum of all the truths that ever were known, or ever will be discovered by the purblind science of man. All crime is a mystery, and the only thing in the universe which is clear as the sun, and more radiant than all the stars, is the heart of changeless charity, that, however sternly it may judge its own errors, weeps over the wickedness of others, and leaves their fate, for final adjudication, to the High Court that sits alone in Heaven!

DON'T BE IN A HURRY;

OR,

JAMES PRICE'S TRIAL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

James Price came to New York to seek his fortune. He went to board in a private family, where were two daughters of a widow—which things are sometimes almost as dangerous as widows themselves are. James had never seen over half a dozen girls in his life—that is seen them to speak to, and that half a dozen were the round, stout, large-limbed, and rough-skinned kind—*not* particularly attractive to youthful lovers of beauty. But the widow's daughters were, James thought, beauties. He was so awe-struck upon first meeting them, at the tea-table, that he could hardly venture to eat. Although he had been ravenously hungry before he entered the tea-room, his appetite seemed all at once to forsake him, and what food he did carry to his mouth tried its best to choke him by sticking in his throat. It was a season of painful pleasure. But weeks and months passed, and James grew accustomed to his "delightsome" situation; and as he firmly believed that there were not two such beautiful creatures in any other house in New York, or in the world, as dwelt in the abode which sheltered him, he gave way to a conviction that now was his time to fall in love—and so he did it, with the eldest Venus—Miss Amanda Hope, a pleasantly suggestive name.

Those were happy days that James passed under the widow's roof. He felt wonderfully contented. He had seasons of wondering why he wasn't in a greater hurry to be married; and, generally, immediately succeeding *that* wonder, came another—"I wonder if I really *do* like Amanda better than I do her sister."

James had become quite a party-goer. His lady love and her sister were possessed of the party-loving spirit, and James had no especial objection. Indeed, he soon began to be as eager to attend such scenes as the sisters could possibly desire.

There was a certain fair young maiden that was often in the same company that James and the sisters frequented; and our young, engaged friend never found himself in this same gentle presence without experiencing, under his breast-pocket, a sensation altogether novel from its strength, and quite alarming, considering James's circumstances.

He concluded, after a while, that he better give up going to these social gatherings. But this idea was stoutly combatted by the sisters; and as efforts of resistence are always weak when there is an enemy inside the fort, the young man made but a short stand against his besiegers. Again he met the low-browed, blue-eyed, sweet-faced maiden, and again he felt the ominous pull under his vest. Draw, draw, *drag*, it went—a mighty hand pulling at his heart. It made him nearly sick. He would have given the whole of New York (as he didn't own it) had he been a free man.

One eve, while dancing, he became the interesting lady's partner. When he touched her hand he found that it was very cold. He need not have done so—there was not the least *necessity* for the thing; but he did it—*clasped* that cold, little hand in his, so warm, so strong. James had grown shockingly bold being so much among the girls.

He felt the maiden's hand tremble exceedingly. He looked at her just at the moment that she was trying to look unobserved at him. The pink color, so soft, so beautiful, on her round cheeks, spread all over her face as her eyelids instantly drooped. They must part now, and take other partners. They unclasped each other's hands, and tripped whithersoever the dance led; but by some mysterious influence each had been convinced of the other's love. James was just as sure that the lovely Sarah's heart waited for him as that his longed to have her as his own. He resolved to go to Amanda, confess his condition, call himself all manner of hard names, ask her to shoot him, but beg of her, after all was over, to give him back his freedom. Accordingly he did so. But what was his astonishment and dismay to hear the fair Amanda declare that she would never give him up, no, *never*. The worst of it all was that this wasn't said in any loving way, or wrung by desperation from an anguished heart—no, it was spoken with a cold and hard resolution, and Amanda looked as if she meant to have him if it was only in inch pieces, or if there was nothing to get but his scalp and his skin.

Poor James gave up the case at once. He asked her to name the happy (?) day, and Amanda named it. It was an early one; and they were married.

"How strangely those Prices act, considering that they are so newly married," was the remark of people when they saw that James and his bride scarcely walked arm in arm, and often came separately to church.

James was kind as he could be to his wife. He determined that he would not allow himself to love anybody better than he did her; and there is reason to suppose that he would have been successful in carrying out his good resolutions had Amanda aided him by an affectionate manner; but this she never did. She had been mortally offended at his having loved another—her aim was to punish him all that she could. She could hardly be said ever to have truly loved James; he had pleased her vanity. *Much* heart she probably had not for anybody. When she had insisted upon his fulfilling his engagement with her, her sole object was to hinder him from being happy either without or with her. The poor fellow's sense of honor was such as forbade him to break with her against her will, and thus he was victimized.

For a long time he bore his troubles silently; but there is a pass beyond which neither man nor woman *can* bear trouble silently, and live; and when his wife forsook her home, and forbade him to even call and see his new-born babe, it was more than he knew how to endure. He rushed to the sympathizing and consoling presence of his friends and kindred, and spread before them the story of his wrongs. Every one who knew James knew that it was quite impossible that *his* had been the fault. He never in his life had been unkind to any human being, nor even to a beast—was it likely that such a man would *begin* with cruelty to his own wife? Never. And the cry was unanimous—"Away with her if she will not repent and reform!"

All usual and unusual measures were taken to bring about a proper state of feeling between the twain—never made one, but without success. James would not have any divorce. He said he did not think it would be right. He believed in no human power to part married couples. There was but one rule for divorce—that given by the Saviour; and he had no *such* cause. His friends talked and reasoned in vain. James was always firm in whatever he thought to be duty. He felt that his feet were on a rock here, and he was not to be moved—no, not although there was a stone upon his heart. There was *one* thought that tempted him sorely, but even *that* could not overcome him.

And thus our James lived on, a married widower, for seven weary years. He *would* see the boy—his wife he never asked to see.

Sweet-tempered and very lovely was the little Leonard; and Amanda's mother would not allow her daughter to act out her wicked desire to prevent the child's father from enjoying the delight of his company. Almost every fine day James and his boy were out together, riding or walking. Lenny seemed to love his father even better than children usually do. This was great consolation to his deserted parent.

One day a lady, in her stroll down a shady street, came suddenly upon a lovely boy of some five or six years. He was running as fast, and laughing as loudly, as he could. His flaxen curls were flying in the soft summer wind, and his bright eyes seemed wild with glee. The child was richly clad, but appeared to be entirely unprotected. There was not a person to be seen for several blocks, either up or down the street.

"Stop! stop! my little fellow," cried the lady, intercepting the little racer. "Where are you going so fast? and why are you alone in the street?"

"Oh, let me go, or pa will catch me!" returned the child. "He is just round that corner, chasing me. I'm in such a hurry. Please, pretty lady, let me go!" The boy's rosy cheeks had become crimson from his exertions.

"Well—tell me your name, my dear, and I'll let you go."

"My name is Lenny Price—— Oh! there is pa—now he'll catch me," shrieked the boy, darting from the lady's suddenly relaxed hold.

"Price!" The name had made her start, and she looked, with rapidly changing color, into the very eyes of the child's father, only to see that it was *he*.

Price bowed low, while a flush crossed his cheek. Neither spoke, but both passed from that spot with greatly disturbed feelings. Did they wish that they had not met? Each reader may answer that question to his own liking.

But the trial was not renewed. Those two persons never met again when to meet was—to say the least—as *much* pain as pleasure.

It was New Year's morning, 1850, when, as James sat at his breakfast, word came to him that Amanda had burst a blood vessel, and was not expected to survive. Greatly shocked, James hastened to the house of his wife's mother, and was led at once to the chamber of death. There lay the wife, who had not spoken a word to him for seven long years, dying.

"Oh! Amanda," muttered the gentle and patient-hearted man, "is it thus we meet?"

"Forgive! forgive!" was all that Amanda could utter.

"All is freely forgiven—*was* forgiven long ago," returned James, bending over his wife, who had held out her hand to him.

He staid beside her till she died; and when he saw her lying white and still, he wept for her—real tears of heart-felt sorrow for the dreariness and sadness which she had so obstinately hugged to her heart, and for her untimely end.

But there was nothing pleasant for him to miss; and it was not long before he realized that a pleasant thing had been gained, namely, his freedom—and, more than that, the sole possession of his darling child.

Of course, that child would need a mother's love and care; and of course there was, in James's case, no difficulty in deciding who should, if she would, become that mother. In his imagination and affection there was but *one* woman in the world, and to her he went straightway; and as she *was* willing—abundantly so—he took her, in due time, to his heart and to his home. And now at last James had a wife and Lenny a true mother.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits—came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a Paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet homemade bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together, until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But, praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no farther, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence—

"A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first—his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness—

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle-hand ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly, "and I've heard it said more than once, What a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

"But, mother, *why* may I not marry Charles Hastings? I do think it's cruel of you to refuse your consent, when you know how much I think of him. I'm sure you don't seem a bit like my own kind mother. What *does* make you so set against Charley?"

"I have not the least ill-will towards Charles; far from it, I am very anxious to see the young man prosperous and happy. But he is not a man who could make my daughter happy. She has taken a feverish fancy for his handsome face and his large seal ring, and I have no doubt that she sincerely believes that her heart will break as she bids him a final farewell—as her lover; but, Alice, your mother has lived more years than you have, and has seen many broken hearts healed, many floods of tears dried, and you will certainly see the day in which you will thank me for forbidding this union, and breaking off your intimacy with the young man in question. You did very wrong not to apprise me long ago of what was going on. It might have saved you both much disappointment."

"But, mother, what have you against Charles?"

"I have already told you that he has not been properly brought up. He has no education, nor has he the force of ambition now to seek for one. He has a violent and unreasonable temper, and many ill-bred and most ungentlemanly ways. In short, he is not by nature or by education such a person as could possibly satisfy the heart of a refined and sensitive woman, such as *I hope* my daughter is becoming. Submit to your mother's judgment, my child. Has she not always guided you in the path of peace and happiness?"

Allie knew that she had so guided her, but in her present mood she didn't want to say so. She therefore muttered some ungracious thing about people who have married to suit themselves always being so unreasonable when other folks wanted to do the same thing.

The mother took no notice of this behavior, thinking that Allie would, of herself, soon see how ungrateful and disrespectful she had appeared, and come and ask forgiveness. This had been from childhood her usual course; but Allie was changed by the blind passion that had taken full possession of her. Mrs. Heath had no adequate idea of the strength of her daughter's feeling for Charles Hastings. If she *had* been aware of the absolute control that by magnetism, or some other means, the reckless though attractive-looking young man had acquired over Allie, she would have felt like hastening with her from the circle of his baneful influence. As it was, she did not worry at all. She felt grieved for the sorrow which her daughter felt, but consoled herself by the idea that it would soon pass. Her child had never disobliged her, and she did not dream that she ever would do so. What, then, was her astonishment as well as alarm and distress, when Allie was one morning missing from her chamber, and from her home. Her bed had not been touched. Upon her pillow was a note directed to Mrs. Heath. Hurriedly tearing it open, the grief-struck parent read that her only child, her darling daughter, who, in her imagination, had been incapable of such wickedness, had deserted her to elope with Charles Hastings. They would be back, the note said, as soon as they were married, and mother must try and forgive them. She was so good, they were sure that she would forgive them when she knew that they were really man and wife, and so *ought* to love each other.

Mrs. Heath sat down and had a battle with herself. When she arose, it was with a determination to make the best of a bad affair. She set the servants immediately to work to fit up a chamber for the young couple, for she at once understood that she was to have them both to take care of. As for Charles Hastings ever earning *his own* living, much less that of his wife, she was not so sanguine as to admit such a thought for a moment.

When the bride and groom arrived—which they did before night—they found their pleasant chamber ready for them, a good supper awaiting them, and a kind though very pale mother to receive them; but she wept when she wished them joy, and her tears were not turned into rainbows by the usual bridal smiles.

"Don't cry, old lady," said Hastings, in what he meant for a gentle and conciliating manner. "It was rather sneakish to steal Allie away by night; but then, you know, you wouldn't give her up, and I'm sure I wouldn't give her up, nor she me, so 'twas the only thing we could do; but don't let us think any more about it. You see we are safe back again, and I'm perfectly willing to let Allie live with you as long as you want her. So what is there to cry for, after all?"

Allie blushed crimson during this speech, the first one of such a familiar tone that Charles had ever addressed to Mrs. Heath.

That lady replied to the remarks of her son-in-law only by requesting him and his wife to sit down to supper. Twenty hours of uninterrupted intercourse with Hastings had not made *him* any more interesting and attractive in the opinion of Allie. Sad to relate, now that she had him, in spite of mother, fate, and all the world, he did not seem, by many degrees, so desirable an object as he had seemed the day before. Already she was beginning to see him with her mother's eyes—already she was beginning to feel that her mother's prophecy would prove true.

And it was not two years—it was hardly a year and a half—before there was a divorce by mutual consent. Charles being exasperated beyond all control by Allie's exhortations to go to work, to find some—almost any honest—business, to *try* and be somebody. And Allie was disgusted to loathing by Charles's want of all the elements of soul which go to make the true man.

Bitterly, bitterly was the foolish disobedience of the erring daughter punished, and deeply did she repent. Her mother tried every means in her power to improve Charles, and to create harmony between him and his wife; but finding all effort to be worse than useless, she finally gave up to their desire for a divorce, thinking wisely that people who live together but to render each other miserable, had far better be apart.

There are unpleasant memories now between the mother and the daughter, but no hard feelings. They live once more in peace, if not in perfect happiness. And it is whispered that Allie is learning now, in a practical way, that there is a vast difference between the blind and fiery infatuation which some call love, and the deep and tender truth of the real, heaven-born passion. Daughters, trust the heart of your mother. It is truest and best of the hearts of earth.

CONCEIT.

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man!
How pleased is every paltry elf,
To prate about that thing, himself!

THE LAND OF CONTRARIES.

In Australia the North is the hot wind, and the South the cool; the westerly the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious; it is summer with the colonists when it is winter at home, and the barometer is considered to rise before bad weather, and to fall before good; the swans are black, and the eagles are white; the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; the kangaroo (an animal between the deer and the squirrel) has five claws on his fore paws, three talons on its hind legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail. There is a bird (melliphaga) which has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; a fish, one half belonging to the genus raia, and the other that of squalus. The cod is found in the rivers, and the perch in the sea; the valleys are cold and the mountain tops warm; the nettle is a lofty tree, and the poplar a dwarfish shrub; the pears are of wood, with the stalks at the broad end; the cherry grows with the stone outside; the fields are fenced with mahogany; the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and the myrtle plants are burnt for fuel; the trees are without fruit, the flowers without scent, and the birds without song. Finally, in New South Wales honesty is the best policy, and the greatest rogue becomes the most useful citizen. Such is the land of Australia.

VERY TRUE.—A quarrel is like a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, no fire will follow.

RALPH, THE BRICK-MAKER'S BOY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The ground of the brick-yard is burning and bare;
By the hedgerow are plenty of shady spots,
But Ralph, when he gets a white apron to wear,
Plays in the mortar, and shapes it to pots.

That is his mother's house over the hill,
With the pitcher of pinks in the window, so sweet,
And Ralph is her darling, and sets at his will,
In the soft bricks, the prints of his bare little feet.

Poor soul!—she is homely and wrinkled and old,
And work is her portion, but what does she care
For herself, since no neighbor has no need to be told
That her darling has beauty enough, and to spare!

Low down on the limbs of the prickly sweet-brier
Are handfulls of roses, but still he will push
His cheek through the thorns, for the one red as fire
That grows out of reach at the top of the bush.

Sometimes the old brick-maker, sunburnt and bent,
Will tug him about on his shoulder awhile,
Whereat, growing restless instead of content,
He scarcely repays the good man with a smile.

He makes of a stray piece of cedar a shelf,
Sometimes, where he sets up his pots in the sun,
And then, growing vexed with his work or himself,
He breaks them, and tramples down every one.

From the time when the locust puts on the white mass
Of his odorous plumes, till in summer's decay,
His bright yellow jacket he throws on the grass
And braves the bleak wind, he is busy each day.

I know it is all in his own willful way,
Yet sigh, as I see him a-working so hard,
His hands and his apron so heavy with clay
He scarcely can toddle about in the yard

My heart often says to me, wherefore employ
Your thoughts in a fashion so pitiful? then,
Reflecting, I see in the brick-maker's boy
A type of the work and the wisdom of men.

WRECKED UPON THE ROCKS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the fall of 1850, as I was passing down Lake Erie, from Sandusky City to Buffalo, I formed some acquaintance with an elderly gentleman, who was also a passenger. Mr. Warren, for so he gave me his name, had been one of the early adventurers in the western country, and especially along the lake shore; and finding me interested in matters pertaining to early times, he took not a little pains in pointing out to me, from the deck of the steamer, the different localities where important events had occurred connected with the early settlement of the country. With each locality he had a story to tell—either longer or shorter, as the case may be; but the most remarkable one of all, and which I am going to relate, occurred to himself and a small party of his dearest friends.

"Do you see that dark line, yonder?" he said, pointing to the distant shore.

"I see something," I replied, "that resembles a small cloud stretched along the horizon."

"Well, that, sir, is not literally a cloud, though it proved a cloud of sorrow to me."

As he said this, in a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, I looked up, and observed a tear stealing down his aged cheek.

"Ah! my friend," he pursued, shaking his gray head solemnly, and passing his hand across his eyes, "the sight of that dark spot yonder brings up a dark memory, and makes me weep as a child rather than as a man. It was a great many years ago," he continued, "and I have since lived to experience a great many changes and reverses—have lived to see one friend after another taken down to his narrow home—but the events of that awful day are as *vividly in my recollection now, looming above all others, as if they had occurred but yesterday.* Excuse me a few minutes, and I will tell you the story," he added; and turning away, he seated himself, buried his face in his hands, and did not again alter his position till the dark line he referred to had faded from my view.

At length he looked up, as one starting from a dream; and having swept the horizon with his still keen, bright eye, he turned to me and requested me to take a seat beside him.

"That dark line I pointed out to you," he resumed—"and which, thank heaven! is now gone from my sight—is an almost perpendicular bluff of rocks, of from sixty to eighty feet in hight, upon the base of which the storm-raised waves dash with wild fury, throwing a fine white spray high into the air, and filling the listening ear with an almost deafening roar, not unlike the thunders of Niagara. I heard it once, as a dreadful requiem over the loved and lost, and heaven grant that I may never hear it again!"

Here he paused, as if overpowered with the recollection, brushed another tear from his eye, and once more resumed—

"It was many years ago—I need not tell you how many, for time counts as nothing in those great events that rend the heart—it was many years ago, I say, that a small party of us—consisting of my mother, sister, a younger brother, and a young and lovely maiden to whom I was engaged—embarked in a Canadian bateau at a point far down the lake, with the intention of finishing the remainder of our long journey from the eastward by water, and joining a few friends who had gone before us, and settled just below the rapids of the Maumee.

"For several days we had good sailing—the weather fair and the wind in our favor—in consequence of which our hearts became light and buoyant, for we felt that we were near our journey's end, and should soon be mingled with those sought. But who knows aught of the future?—who has a right to say that joy and happiness are his?—for in a single moment all his brightest hopes may be dashed forever, and he be either overtaken by death, or by a calamity that shall make him a life-long mourner!

"One day, with the most gloomy apprehensions—with a presentiment that made me wretched—I saw a storm begin to gather, and I watched it with feelings of the most painful anxiety. It was not long in gathering, but loomed up quickly and fearfully, and, almost ere any one save me was aware of the danger, it burst upon us with fury.

"I had taken in sail, and prepared for it as well as I could, but the first dash nearly capsized us, the waves suddenly rose, and threw their spray completely over us, and we began to drift towards the dark bluff which I pointed out to you. All was now excitement and confusion on board, for all believed that we should soon go the bottom. I pretended to have a stout heart, and to laugh at their fears, and so quieted them in some degree. But to tell you the truth, I was fearfully alarmed myself, for the boat at once became unmanageable, and set rapidly toward the rocky shore, upon which the surge was now beating frightfully, and I felt that nothing short of an interposition of Providence could save us from being dashed to pieces.

"I spoke not of my fears, however, till I saw it was vain to hope—till I beheld the rocks looming up, black and fearful, immediately before us, the waves lashing them terrifically, throwing up their white spray, and rolling back with a crash which could be heard amid the howlings of the storm—and then I told my friends, shouting the words above the roarings of the tempest, that it was time to commend our souls to God, for we were about to pass the dread portals of eternity, and enter His awful presence.

"The scene that followed I may only describe as wild, fearful, terrible—each clinging to the other in the most agonized distress, and all appealing to God for mercy. The painful and horrible suspense of waiting for death, while staring it in the face, was of short duration; we seemed but as a bubble on the crest of the angry waters, which now bore us swifter and swifter to our doom; and suddenly, while we all stood locked, as it were, in each other's embrace, we struck. There was a fearful crash—loud shrieks that seemed blended into one despairing cry—and the hissing waves rolled over us.

"We all went down clinging to each other, knotted as it were together, and whirled about in the seething waters, till at length, as we rose to the surface, we seemed to be caught by an unusually large wave, and thrown violently upon a narrow shelf of the rock, where, the huge wave instantly retreating, we were left comparatively dry. From the time of going under till we were thrown upon the rock, I had not for a single moment lost my presence of mind, and though now half stunned and bruised by the concussion, I instantly comprehended all that had happened, and that, if I would save myself and friends, it must be done ere the return of such another wave as had placed us in our present position.

"Instantly I worked myself loose from my almost death-griping companions, dragged them back as far as I could, shouted in their ears the joyful news of their escape, and then got between them and the water, so that, in their bewildered state, they might not roll back to their destruction. I had scarcely succeeded in making them understand what had happened, and they were just beginning to gather themselves upon their feet—my brother with as little presence of mind as any—when I saw another huge wave returning, and quick as thought threw them down, and fell prostrate across their bodies. The wave came, amid our shrieks of terror, and completely submerged us, but not to a sufficient depth to float us from the rock, and again retreating, left us as before.

"This occurred at intervals of about a minute, and it took me several of these to make my friends comprehend that we were comparatively safe, though in a perilous position—to give them, in fact, a true understanding of the whole matter, and then the task of keeping them where they were became less laborious to me, because of their assistance.

"I now for the first had a little time to look about me, which I eagerly employed in ascertaining what might be our chances for escape. But, alas! I saw nothing to give me any hope. It was an awful scene—a scene to excite feelings of the blackest despair! The shelf upon which we had been thrown was narrow, some ten or fifteen feet in length, and about five feet above the level of the boiling and seething surge, while behind us and over us was a high, black, overhanging rock, the top of which our position did not permit us to see. There was no chance of escape except by the water, and there the wreck of our boat, in a hundred pieces, was whirling about on the foam-crested waves and frothing eddies, the storm the while still raging in wild fury, and the shrieking winds, the descending torrents, and the lashing waves, making a horrid concert for our affrighted senses.

"'My son,' shrieked my mother, in a voice of despair, 'there seems to be no hope for us. It would have been better had we perished at once, and so ended our misery.'

"'While there is life there is hope,' I replied, in the same shrill, shrieking tone—the only human sound that could be heard amid the howlings of the tempest.

"Let me not dwell upon that scene—the recollection of which, even now, after a long lapse of years, makes the blood run cold in my veins. But little was said by any—for, as I have remarked, the human voice could only be heard when pitched on its highest key—and each was too terribly impressed with the sense of our desolation, to give vent to the feelings of agony which stirred the depths of our inmost souls.

"We clung there together for hours—in almost silent waiting, watching, and trembling—and then, with unspeakable misery, we saw the night close in upon us—shutting out the horrid view, it is true—but leaving us as it were only the sense of feeling that each other was there. Oh, that long and terrible night! an age to me of horror—the storm still unabated—the shrieking winds driving coldly through our drenched garments, and ever and anon a large wave engulphing us! There was no chance for sleep—but only for thought—thought, the wildest, most terrible, most agonizing! If we looked around, our gaze encountered nothing but the deepest blackness, or here and there the phosphorescent light of the foaming waters, which seemed to our now distracted fancies only a sepulchral light to guide us to destruction.

"Somewhere about midnight, as near as I may judge—feeling weak, faint, cold and benumbed—through the painful position in which I had thus far clung to my friends, and my continual submersion beneath the rushing and retiring waves—I released my hold for a few moments, in order to chafe my limbs. But scarcely had I done so, when I was suddenly startled by a wild shriek; and, on feeling for my companions, I found to my horror that my mother and brother were gone! leaving only my dear sister, my beloved Mary, and myself upon the rock.

"I need not dwell upon that night. If your imagination cannot fill the picture of wo which I have so imperfectly sketched, you will never form an idea of my feelings, for language has no power to describe them.

"Morning broke at last—after that long, long night of horror—the storm still raging as furiously as ever—but only three of us alive to know the miseries of living. By the returning light we once more surveyed the awful scene around us; and there, upon the rocks below, but at some distance from where we were, we beheld the bodies of my mother and brother, locked in each other's arms, the lashing waves just sufficiently swaying them about to give an appearance of life. But they were dead!—cold in death!—and the sight so affected my poor sister, that she arose with a shriek, and, whether intentionally or accidentally, plunged over into the boiling surge.

"Almost beside myself with the accumulated horrors, I threw my arms around my only companion, my beloved Mary, and held her down by my side.

"And thus I sat for hours, in a state of comparative stupefaction, gazing off upon the storm-maddened lake, but with a kind of stony gaze that scarcely had speculation in it.

"When I again turned to Mary, I found she had fainted, though how long she had been in that condition I did not know. This in some measure recalled me to myself; and I began to chafe her limbs, calling upon her dear name in the wildest tones of despair. She did not revive immediately, and I had just begun to think that she had perished in my arms, when I saw signs of returning life, and redoubled my exertions. At last I had the joy of seeing her open her eyes, and of knowing that her senses had returned. She now looked wildly around her, and, scarcely comprehending what had occurred, asked for her absent friends.

"'They are gone, dear Mary,' said I, with a bursting heart; 'they will return to us no more; you are all that is left to me now; and may God in his mercy either preserve you, or take us both together to the land of spirits!'

"'Yes,' she replied, faintly—so faintly that I had to put my ear close to catch the words—'and we must perish too—but we will perish together. We must die—we cannot live—we cannot escape—and so let us die at once, and join those who have gone before us!'

"'In God's own good time!' I rejoined. 'We have no right to take our lives in our own hands. He gave and must take. It is our duty to be ready at His call.'

"'But I cannot survive this!' she said; 'death is an hundred times preferable to this agonizing suspense!'

"I encouraged her as well as one in my situation could; I repeated that while there was life there was hope; I used every argument and every term of endearment I could think of, to persuade her to cling to life; and at last she seemed to be more resigned to her fate—the fate of waiting and watching with me for the coming death.

"Why should I dwell upon that horrible scene? Why live over again in relation the agony I suffered in reality? No! rather let me hurry on to the awful close—for awful it was, and made these then black hairs turn white in the very prime of manhood.

"Mary gradually drooped—grew faint for the want of food—grew benumbed and torpid through repeated drenchings of the chilling waters; and at length, when another night began to close around us, with the storm still unabated, I feebly but painfully foresaw that, should I still live on, I must soon live alone—be the last survivor of that once happy group.

"My forebodings were awfully fulfilled! Another night set in—and proved, oh God! the last to the last being I then had in the wide world to love! I had gradually grown weak myself—so weak that I could scarcely keep my hold upon the rocks—to which I still clung with the instincts of life, and for the preservation of my poor Mary, who had long since given up the attempt of preserving herself.

"But the end came. A larger wave than ever burst over us, loosed my feeble hold, dashed me against the rocks behind, and left me half-stunned and bleeding on the very verge of the abyss. I crawled up again, and felt for Mary. Great Heaven! she was not there! she was gone! With a shriek of despair, I threw myself flat upon my face, determined to make no further effort for life.

"But God, in his inscrutable providence, saw fit to preserve me. The storm had now reached its hight, and from that awful moment it began to abate. The morning found me alive, but alone; and the angry waves, which had snatched from me all I prized on earth, were gradually subsiding to quietude, as if satisfied with their work of destruction.

"More dead than alive, I kept my position upon the rocks through that day and another night; and then, being discovered by some Canadian fishermen, I was taken off, and conveyed to their home on the other side of the lake. There, after a long and delirious illness, I finally recovered, and learned that the bodies of my friends had been found, taken from the water, and decently interred upon the American shore.

"I have many times since," concluded the aged narrator, in a tremulous voice, "visited the humble grave where they still quietly repose together, and never but with a regret that I did not sleep beside them. It was then, over that lonely grave, I took a solemn oath to be true to my first love; and you now behold me a wifeless and childless old man, whose only abiding hope is, that I shall soon join them in a better world!"

CAPITAL.—Some one asks why the people of England, in the time of Charles I. were like David Crocket? Because they first made sure they were right, and then *went a head!*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JONATHAN.—"What distinguishes man from the other animals?" The most outward or visible distinction is laughter; the most audible is articulate speech. The metaphysical distinction is imagination, or the creative faculty. The social distinction is tradition, or historical memory, which completes the collective universality of man, and makes a unity of our species of which no other species has any resemblance whatever. A caviler may easily suggest some feeble resemblances of such human peculiarities in the brute creation, as he may see a likeness of his father in a chimpanzee, or a resemblance to a man in a tea-kettle, but nothing more.

J. inquires, in the event of a bridegroom and bride each having a sister to officiate as bridesmaid, which is entitled, by right and courtesy, to the chief honor? We should say that the right belongs to the sister of the bride, and that courtesy would hardly desire to deprive her of the privilege.

SURREY.—Lightning, when it destroys animal life, most probably decomposes the fluids of the body, as corruption takes place immediately, and hydrogen gas, &c. is evolved. But how the fluid acts on the nerves we know not. It kills by an inward shock, not by outward violence.

SARAH.—The best power to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she has in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty, and in her life virtue.

L. C. R.—Reciprocal attachment between parties who have never spoken is an absurdity. There may be reciprocal excitement.

LEWIS has "found out that his intended wife, otherwise a good girl, carries anger as flint carries fire, and is of a very irritable temper." He adds, "she is prudent and careful, too. But this awful temper, what is he to do with it? The idea of being married to the *spleen*, or the *liver*, instead of the *heart*, is awful." Lewis should remember that the spleen, the liver, and the gall, have their mission in the human system, and subserve very useful ends in a healthy constitution. Every woman has some fault. He might have an easy, good-natured girl, without moral resolution or decision of character. A little fire, or spirit, in a woman, is rather a recommendation, if tempered by prudence. If her prudence be real, it will have a good moral effect on her husband, and make her a good mother to her children. Her anger is perhaps only warmth of feeling. Do not be too hasty in rejecting such a woman. Is she tidy in her person? Does she sit with a litter around her? Does she soil books and papers recklessly, tear them open any how, cut them unevenly, or dog-leaf them? Does she go slipshod, or with holes in her stockings, or rents in her dress, or with her hooks off, and eyes looking out for captors? Does she dress her hair well? Are her hands generally clean? Is she handy with her scissors, or does she spoil all she attempts to cut? If she gives satisfaction on all these points, she won't be the worse for being a little breezy. Nature herself—the universal woman, and mother of us all—gives us a storm and a flash of lightning now and then. Then comes the glorious sunshine, which could have no existence without fire.

SCEPTIC says he "will give his child that moral training and sound education suitable for every occurrence through life to walk in the ways of truth and virtue." But how is he to teach truth to his son before he himself has found it? A sceptic is a doubter—a man who has found truth does not doubt. Truth is not a sceptic. We think our correspondent means well, but looks through some false medium of disaffection. He cannot reconcile the severe language of revelation "with the idea of a merciful, just, and all-potent God." Can he reconcile the miseries of life with that idea—the storms and tempests of nature, the blasting of crops, the creation of caterpillars, locusts, and every other description of destructive insect? We suspect that he has formed some hasty notion of perfection, and forgotten to reconcile it with the works of nature. We would advise him to be calm and considerate for a little while. He may depend upon this, that if he brings up his child to an ignorance of religious ideas, he will check the development of his mind. All literature, all philosophy, all the fine arts, and all their poetry have originated in theology, and it is peculiarly interesting to young minds, and if not inculcated with sectarian bigotry, it is elevating and ennobling. Let him not confound fanaticism with religion. "All is not gold that glitters."

JACOB.—We cannot answer your question unless you give us the time of year and the latitude and longitude of the place, as the "longest day in the year" varies with variations of time and place. At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen hours and a half. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At Hamburgh, Dantzic, and Stettin, the longest day has nineteen, and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburgh and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Torneo, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wardobus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July, without any interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half. The Spitzbergen schoolboys, when they want "a day's holiday," will prefer their petitions, of course, on the eve of "the longest day."

CHARLES.—Bathing is good for robust people; but thin, lean, cold people should be cautious and chary in the use of the cold bath. It is weakening, as every one knows from the sensations experienced. Boys often injure themselves severely by frequent bathing. It is only good when felt to be bracing and strengthening. It sometimes occasions a deafness, when the water gets into the ear, and cannot be easily expelled. Physicians are very indiscriminate in their bath prescriptions, and very unwise. We have known many cases in which their advice has proved most injurious. Let every man follow his own judgment, and not blindly follow a rule. Remember that this is the era of private judgment, and every man is called upon to exercise it. Some are strengthened by bathing, and washing or rubbing with a wet towel is sometimes conducive to health, when bathing is not.

JOSEPH.—Of course. The ordinary corn on the toe may be rendered of slight account, if not effectually removed, by many simple remedies. A good way is to cut it from the center, so as to excavate it, the edges being left at the top, as a protection to the corn (which is indicated by white specks) from the pressure of the shoe. The application of powdered unslacked lime, made into a paste with sweet-oil, and spread on a piece of linen rag, every night, and washed off in the morning, is found by some to be very efficacious. Nitrate of silver is strongly recommended by many eminent men for the cure of corns; but caustic should be used only by medical men, as it may prove highly dangerous in the hands of the unskillful.

UNCLE.—Don't grumble at your little nephews and nieces, but play with them, frolic and romp with them, buy them toys, and teach them how to use them, take them out walking and sight-seeing, and you will no longer say "the little brats worry me half to death." On the contrary, your blood will course through your veins with more vigorous pulsations and warmer glow, that withered old muscle beneath your left breast will once more become a heart, and you will thank God for the blessing of "little nephews and nieces."

JENNY.—No gentleman would refuse to carry his child across the street if he brought it into the street. Ladies are greater formalists than men, and would sacrifice a heart-feeling to a cold notion of respectability. Why should any woman object to such conduct in a man? It may be ladylike, but it is unwomanlike; and in such cases the woman is better than the lady, and the child is safer under her protection.

BESSIE.—Giving the left hand to shake means nothing at all—except, perhaps, indifference to the forms of society. Some people pride themselves in defying rules with equals and inferiors, who, perhaps, to superiors are formal overmuch, and very awkward; for a person who despises form in ordinary intercourse wears it very awkwardly when he does assume it. Bessie's feelings will answer the other question better than we can.

J. G.—We are very willing to answer any grammatical question, but cannot undertake to give a course of grammatical instruction. Our correspondent says that the newspapers in his town are conducted by men so ignorant, that he has counted as many as ten blunders in one paragraph. It must be a very illiterate town. We shall not name it, lest it should vow revenge against us.

AN AFFLICTED SON writes us that his mother, a widow, for the last two years has been accustoming herself to the drinking of rum, and that she has at last become a confirmed inebriate. He has several young brothers and sisters, one of whom is but two years old. He supports the family, and as his salary is not large, they have to exercise rigid economy, and live in a few rooms. His mother's habits, especially those relating to personal cleanliness and order, have deteriorated to such an extent that it is almost impossible for his young sisters to keep the house in order. The effect of his mother's drunkenness is very sad, in every respect. the children are becoming coarse in manner and conversation and slatternly in habits, and he fears they will all go to one common ruin unless something is done to remove the terrible example no sow constantly before their eyes. The question is, "What shall I do? Would it be right to have my mother sent to a hospital or asylum? as I have tried every means and argument in my power to reclaim her, but without effect." Yes. The temporal and perhaps eternal salvation of a family of children, now innocent, but exposed to deadly peril, is of more consequence than that of a woman so inebriated and lost to shame. Either she should be removed from the family, or else your young brothers and sisters should be sent from home; and you must take such a course as your judgment approves and your means and circumstances will permit.

A WESTEN LADY married a gentleman who came to her place of residence from the East, who seemed highly respectable, who made love to her, and won her after a courtship of eleven weeks. She has now, to her great horror and distress, learned that he has another wife. She has accused him of the crime and of the deception practiced upon her, which he acknowledges, and in extenuation of which pleads the fact that he was so captivated by her beauty and so fascinated by her wisdom, goodness, and general superiority over other women, that he could not have helped loving her had his life been at stake, and in the madness of his overmastering love for her, he did the great wrong complained of. He also wants her to fly with him to some place where they will be safe from the law and enemies, &c., &c., and she wants to know if she had better do so. No. A man who would commit such a flagrant crime is not to be trusted. He is humbugging you, probably, in talking of your fascinations, and captivating beauty, and other like sweet flatteries. He plies you with such silly stuff in order so to inflate your vanity, as to stifle your conscience and escape your reproaches. Denounce and leave the villain at once. By remaining with him you make yourself a participator in his crime, and show to the world that you would be capable of committing the same yourself on sufficient temptation.

RICHARDSON.—The practice of virtue, or *moral* worship of God, always demands a sacrifice. It is not virtue otherwise. It is easier to yield to temptation than to resist it. But the successful effort of resistance brings its reward. Probably this is the true poetical or symbolical meaning of religious sacrifices ordained by the *moral* law; killing a beast, not an unclean one, for that is easy; but a clean one, even a pure passion. Virtue requires such sacrifices; even love itself must be slain upon her altar. Passion is a beast, for it is irrational; but many passions are clean and pure, and these are the best, for they are the most difficult, sacrifices. Every man ought to make them, and in making them he can use the very language of olden times, and say, "I will offer burnt offerings of fatlings with the incense of rams. I will offer bullocks with goats." It is easy to understand what such offerings mean in the symbolical sense. Therefore it is that sacrifices are never to cease. Even in the millennium the practice continues. "Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering, and whole burnt offering—then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar." Sacrifice is inseparable from the idea of moral worship or virtue.

Y. O. U.—Take the lead of your friends until you show them an open door and a clear and open passage; then let them take the lead, that you may shut the door after them. Good manners are simple and natural civility. It seems as if simplicity were difficult to learn, and we were fallen from it. Our return to it is the restoration from the fall. What a wonderful truth the fall of man is! It is true in everything he does. The best of his actions, in morality, in religion, in the arts, in good manners, are the most simple. There is no cure for heat and redness after dancing. Next thing will be a cure for drunkenness after drinking. "Can a man take fire into his bosom and not be burned?" says Solomon. The best way of holding the hands in dancing is no way at all. Any particular way is bad. Holding out the dress is a vulgar mannerism, which shows no variety of gesture. The hands are very troublesome. But then all are not made to excel. Each must form her own style, if she departs from the common mannerism; and in doing so she either rises or falls, for peculiarity is either very good or very bad.

SARAH dislikes a young man when in his company, but when he is absent she feels a tenderness for him. How is this? Nothing strange; too often the case, we believe. The truth is, the imagination is the real lover. It is that which makes lovers sick and mad. Enjoyment never produces such effects. Sarah says her case is no romance. Why not? Romance is imaginative, and when her lover is absent, does not Sarah invest him with many amiable qualities? Perhaps he experiences similar feelings with respect to herself. Perhaps Sarah has spoiled herself with imaginative lovers, beau ideal men, whose perfections so far outshine all the realities of this humdrum world, that it may be quite impossible to find a lover to please her. This is the price which we pay for the cultivation of the fancy and taste. It increases our sensibility, our irritability, our dislikes and aversions, and too often in consequence our misery. Alas for poor humanity!

O. D. S. has given a nickname to a young lady, for which she refuses to speak to him. Ought he to apologize, and would it not be humoring her self-will too much to do so? O. D. S. has evidently not been reared in the school of chivalry and of gallantry. How can it be wrong to confess a fault? and how can it be right for man to have his way when wrong, rather than give woman her way when right? Every woman should have her way when she is right, and in generously giving way upon all such occasions, man shows his gallantry. The peevish, sulky woman-driver refuses to yield, and must have his way even when he is wrong.

SAM.—It would be better to conciliate your parents. A son makes a great mistake when he fans a slight misunderstanding with his father and mother into a set quarrel, and perpetuates it as a lasting feud. You should be careful how you refer to your father as "the old gentleman," and to your mother as "the old lady," writing to strangers. Such expressions indicate a lack of respect and filial affection, and also a laxity of moral sense which could easily ripen into something worse. The good old Bible terms, "Father" and "Mother," are the best that can be used.

HOUSE HUNTER.—You deserved the exhibitions of ill-nature of which you complain, if you have told the truth about your own behavior. In looking at houses with a view to the renting of one of them, the "house-hunter" should observe the most rigid rules of courtesy, and exhibit all the gentleness, forbearance and amiability he can command. It is an exceedingly troublesome and trying thing to have strangers running over one's house, and when they act as impertinently, as you seem to have done, they should be unceremoniously turned out of doors.

A. M. E. is a singular enthusiast, who seems determined to get rid of cross-legging in the tailor art. He says there is no need for it, and that public opinion only requires to be roused upon the subject. Well, let him try. He is the original. His soul is in it; and he is most likely to conduct the crusade with skill and energy. We have no doubt the conservative tailors will oppose the innovation; but that is an obstacle to be expected; and there would be no laurel for the victor, were there no difficulties to be encountered.

A. Y.—"What part of speech is attorney-general?" It is a compound noun. If there be an adjective in it, it is *general*, not *attorney*. It may admit of dispute whether general be an adjective or a noun. But there is no danger in calling it a noun. Adjectives are not known by position. They are often put after the noun in poetry. But in the sentence, "The cow is brown," the adjective does not come after the noun, but after the verb. It is affirmed or predicated of the noun.

M.—There is no danger in sleeping with the bed-room window open, but it can be tried gradually, first one inch, then two. We have done it often, and slept soundly and safely when wind and rain were bursting into the apartment. Night air is only injurious near the earth. At the top of the house, and where it is corrected by the interior warmth of the room, it is safe enough.

MARIAN should think as little as possible of the eyes of young gentlemen, in public places, directed towards her, and rather avoid than seek an acquaintanceship with them. Beware of romance, and await a lover and a husband in the sphere of your own acquaintanceship; or submit with patience to your destiny. There are as many old bachelors as old maids—men who cannot afford to marry.

ROSINA.—Jealousy is generally regarded as an evidence of love, because it is a monopolist, but any selfish feeling may beget jealousy. People are jealous of attentions shown to others in all circumstances, when they think themselves underrated or neglected. There are selfish, moody, disagreeable persons, who are jealous even of the affections of a dog, and who would kill it because it prefers another.

DORA.—Although it is customary in polite circles to seal notes and letters with wax, we think you did not commit an unpardonable offence in using a wafer. Even a gummed envelope might be excused.

A DESPONDING YOUTH.—Never despair in adversity. Work and persevere. When a wheel is going round, the bottom must turn upwards—some time.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—We have never experienced any difficulty in believing the Bible, and cannot understand your troubles in that respect.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*